REFRESHING

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 137. [Published Every Monday.] WEEK ENDING JUNE 17TH, 1911. ONE PENNY.

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 137. WEEK ENDING JUNE 17TH, 1911. ONE PENNY.

REAL LUCK.

A STORY IN MINIATURE.

He had not come into a fortune, as the saying s. That is not always—perhaps not often—luck. The possession of money may give a n a certain amount of option as to what sort sorry he takes on, but it can never be a means scape from that demon in one form or another. o, this man was really lucky. Luck had come way in a quiet, undisturbing manner, without ng him off his feet in a sudden wave. He had, act, at last received what was his due, accord- to human plans, from his birth. A certain but ll income was henceforth to be his without stion. With his own efforts he could add to and make sufficient to supply needs that were er extravagant.

hiefly, he welcomed the new phase of things ause it would enable him to carry out a long- rished idea that had grown with him for years; to-day, with summer reaching its height, he little or nothing to mar his complete satisfac- , for he was leisurely making his plans for his g-delayed project of a tramp through the length breadth of England. He set out at sundown really lucky man.

BILLIARDS IN SUMMER.

THE ENTHUSIAST'S DIFFICULTIES.

Although essentially a winter game, billiards is yed a good deal in summer—played, however, der many disadvantages.

By day, there are few billiard rooms where the mmer sun does not throw baffling lights and dows, which make it difficult to see the edge of ball. Or the sun gets in your eyes or focusses lf on the ball, so that you cannot possibly see it perly.

Even if you have the blinds drawn beams of ht are sure to penetrate somewhere, while if you ut the gas the room becomes intolerably hot stuffy.

Of course, you can open the window, but then dust comes in, or the breeze deflects the ball m its true course, while the rumble of passing ffic is apt to put you off your stroke.

Between six and eight in the evening is a ourite time for a game, but it is the worst sible time. It doesn't seem dark enough to ve the lights on, but the shadows are such that urate play is impossible without them. But if have the gas, you get a puzzling mixture of light and gaslight even with the blinds pulled wn.

ues and hands are apt to be sticky, while the shions and balls often play queerly, owing to extremes of temperature to which they are jected.

CHEEK.

A pair of horses recently bolted in Leicester Square. Were they affected by the locality's inherent "fastness"?

* * *

"All are born," so Mr. G. C. Maunsell says, "on the shore of the sea of troubles." And a great many remain stranded all their lives.

* * *

Flute-playing is recommended for consumptives. As, moreover, alcohol is bad for them, they might, not inaptly, be advised to become tea-tootlers.

* * *

The recent collision between two battleships at Portland Harbour suggests that though one of them is called the "Inflexible," she *must* have been caught bending.

* * *

I understand that the owner of the Golden Crown Hotel, Charing Cross, is Lord Justice Fletcher Moulton. Although he has been elevated to the Bench, his lordship has evidently not severed his connection with the Bar.

* * *

The editress of the "Social Guide" says that bugles are a favourite trimming for evening frocks just now. But surely they are rather loud!

* * *

Says the "Smart Set": "A saint is a sinner who kept on trying." Certainly all of the saints that I know are very trying.

* * *

Apropos of music, a visitor recently asked Mrs. Footler "Do you remember 'Robin Adair'?" "Certainly not!" exclaimed the dear old lady indignantly, "I *never* robbed him or anyone else!"

* * *

Racing Note: Many a "dead certainty" comes unstuck because it wasn't lively enough.

* * *

Some loyalist suggests that the men of the Empire should grow beards. Even at the risk of universal execration, I ask whether this is in honour of the King or the Heir apparent?

* * *

"M.A.P." describes critics as "Dramatic Caterpillars." A merry thrust at their characteristic hairiness I presume.

* * *

A writer says that he "used to think that the great trees of California were the tallest of living things." He has doubtless realised that they are not half so lofty as are some of our younger actor-managers—in their own estimation.

J. S. Cox.

RAIN ON THE ROAD.

A COUNTRY EPISODE.

The dust lies white and thick. Carefully as one may walk, it still rises about the feet in a thin, white cloud, working its way through every little opening in lace-holes and stockings, and making the tramp a misery rather than a pleasure.

To leave the highway where the brook flows beneath it through a little brick culvert, and to take off shoes and stockings and let the feet lie in the clear cold water, is to know the keenest of enjoyment and relief.

Still there is the prospect of a return to the dusty road, unless a thunder shower passes over.

Clouds have gathered, and, yes, a drop or two falls. Here and there the still leaves tremble for an instant as big, isolated drops fall upon them.

You know what to expect, and are under the shelter of the old barn none too soon.

Down comes the rain, in the sort of stream, of which you say afterwards "I never saw such rain," and you watch the landscape blotted out by the smoky grey of the downpour.

Then it clears; the sun returns; the road is wet, fragrant, and dustless, and you go on your way rejoicing.

LIVE BAITING.

TIPS FOR RIVER ANGLERS.

Live baiting is a popular way of taking Thames and other big river trout.

Frequently it succeeds when the most alluring of flies have failed to bring even a solitary nibble.

Live baiting is, of course, a more messy business than using flies, but the angler does not complain when he gets results.

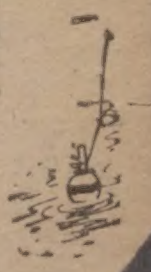
Tackle consists of fine, undressed silk line, a bit of cork, and two yards of pretty strong gut. The hook depends on the size of the bait used.

For a minnow a single hook is sufficient, passed through both lips, but for anything larger you need a small lip-hook and a triangle placed near the back fin. The bait should be about two and a half feet below the float.

When using minnows for bait it is a good plan to use two, each on a perch hook. One hook is at the end of the cast, the other about a foot above it, and is attached to the cast in the same manner as a dropper fly.

To complete the line you want one or two No. 1 shot, and a cork float placed about two feet six inches above the lower hook.

When you have spotted a big trout on the feed it is a good plan to let the bait down some yards below him, and then to reel in, having moored your punt in the first instance about thirty yards above the feeding ground.



CRICKET IN THE ARMY

REMINISCENCES OF ITS LIGHTER SIDE.

There are, of course, first-class cricketers in the Army. Without being too statistical, the names of Captain E. G. Wynyard, Major R. M. Poore, Major A. J. Turner, Captain Greig, and Captain H. S. Bush at once occur to one, and no doubt other military county cricketers could be named.

But I am more concerned with the lighter side of cricket in the Service, though mention of Major Poore reminds me of an amusing incident in which he was concerned; at least, we thought it devilish amusing, though possibly Major Poore himself missed the full flavour of the joke.

This was when we "lay" with the 7th Hussars at Pietermaritzburg, Natal, and played them a cricket match for the first time.

A "POORE" SHOW!

Major Poore had still to make his name in England, but his Indian reputation had preceded him to Natal, and as our bowling was tosh, and rank tosh at that, we had no particular hopes of ever getting him out.

However, such is the delightful uncertainty of cricket that in the first innings the future All-England batsman amassed a total of one, while in the second innings he was not quite so successful, and we beat them to a frazzle. Also there was a sound of revelry by night, and our senior major, for reasons best known to himself, preferred a rose bush to his own bed as a sleeping-place.

In inter-regimental matches the social side predominates. The fair sex turns up in force, the band plays, and there is a tent where tea and less harmful liquids are dispensed.

Often the match is followed by dinner and an impromptu "hop" at the home team's mess.

JACK AT PLAY.

Matches against the Royal Navy are particularly good fun. The sailors are as breezy in their cricket as in other things, and when Jack is in there is no playing for keeps or sitting on the splice.

I remember I had the honour of being bowled neck and crop by an admiral — Admiral Sir Frederick Bedford, G.C.B.

He was as keen as mustard, and bowled fast underhand, which added insult to the injury of getting out to him.

This was at Simon's Bay, Capetown. The field we played on was all up and down, and so slippery that, even with spikes, you could hardly stand on it.

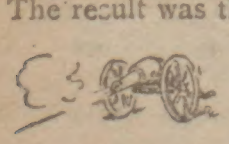
Afterwards we dined on board the flagship, and had a rightdown regular royal time.

Being of the "where I dines I sleeps" persuasion, I stayed to breakfast, and then went fishing in the Bay. I caught one fish that gave me a violent electric shock the moment I touched it, and another one which barked at me like a dog.

IN THE TROPICS.

It was a hot day, but the sky was overcast, and I thought I could dispense with a cap, not knowing that in these latitudes the sun burns fiercely through the clouds.

The result was that for weeks afterwards I went about with a head the colour of a new cricket ball, and most of my hair fell out and never grew again.



To return to cricket, I have played on some quaint pitches. At Newcastle, Jamaica, the only available piece of ground was the barrack square, cut out of the mountain side. If the ball went over the *khud* (edge) it was liable to roll down to Kingston, about ten miles away, so the rule was that if you hit the ball over the edge you were out, and had to go and fetch it. Jessop would have enjoyed himself on that pitch.

Then at the barracks at Capetown there was a pitch of solid stone in the middle of the barrack square on which I have played many games without meeting with any serious casualties.

COMPANY MATCHES.

Regimental matches are good fun, but company cricket is the backbone of the game in the Army, and the inter-company matches provide the best sport of all.

Nearly every regiment has its shield or other trophy for inter-company competitions, and the fun is fast and furious.

This is when company officers and non-coms. are apt to look the other way when the "bad hat" of the company, who can sling 'em down like a Tom Richardson, misbehaves himself. The bowling is usually very fast, very erratic, and bumps all over the shop, with the result that the officer crack who learnt his cricket on billiard-table pitches is apt to get a "blob," to the huge—if decorously suppressed—delight of "Tommy."

Great is the joy, too, when "Nobby" or "Ginger" lays out some unpopular non-com.

WHY ARMY CRICKET IS ENCOURAGED.

A barrel of beer is an agreeable feature of these matches, and, although sawdust-stuffed critics of the Army may object to them as a waste of time, they do much towards promoting good feeling between officers and men.

Cricket is essentially a game of good-fellowship, and officer and man can meet on the cricket-field on terms of greater equality than is possible anywhere else.

Army cricket often reaches a very high standard, for the soldier man is at an advantage over the civilian, since his cricket is not necessarily restricted to Saturday afternoons and an hour or two in the failing light of the evenings.

"CHINSTRAP."

THINGS THAT LEAVE ME COLD.

The information that Miss Dolly Slapcabbage of the Frivolity Theatre uses So-and-So's tooth powder, and finds it excellent for the complexion.

* * *

Royal Academy portraits of successful grocers.

* * *

Discussions on how to make cricket "bright."

* * *

Antiquarian articles about the Coronation.

* * *

Puff ditto about the Festival of Empire.

* * *

Speeches by backwoodsmen peers.

* * *

Invitations to subscribe to Arctic and Antarctic exploration (what practical use is it anyway?).

* * *

Mr. Flowden's jokes (when seen in cold print).

* * *

The announcement "To be continued in our next" appearing at the end of an instalment of a so-called thrilling serial.

* * *

"Natural" dancers who can't dance for toffee.

* * *

Food faddists who want me to live on mangold wurzels and desiccated monkey nuts.

* * *

The average political speech.

* * *

Women's "rights."

* * *

Jokes about mothers-in-law.

* * *

The vapourings of people who say this country is going to the dogs.

* * *

The news that some aviator has flown higher than anyone else.

* * *

Other people's troubles in general.

* * *

Professional wrestling matches.

* * *

Impassioned warnings that if I don't send half a crown to-day I shall be too late to secure some encyclopædia or another, for which I should have no earthly use, unless I piled the volumes on top of one another and made a music-stool of them.

THINGS THAT MAKE ME HOT.

Judicial leniency to brutes convicted of cruelty to children (Recorder of Worcester, honourable exception to general rule).

* * *

Idiots who swing their sticks in crowded streets.

* * *

Colonial Premiers who wear soft hats and brown shoes with frock-coats.

* * *

Dirty novels written by lewd-minded women.

* * *

Political parsons.

* * *

Paid agitators who do their best to set class against class.

* * *

Bounders who talk to ladies while retaining pipe, cigar, or cigarette in their mouths.

* * *

Stay-at-home snuffers who uphold the nigger against the white man.

* * *

Shamateurs in sport.

* * *

Travesties of women who won't nurse their babies because it would interfere with their amusements.

* * *

"Blue" music-hall comedians (their number, thank heaven, is steadily decreasing).

* * *

"Men" who hunt the carted deer.

* * *

Amateur Rowing Association snobs who think the working-man oarsman is not good enough for their high-toned selves.

* * *

Parents who live on their clever children's earnings.

* * *

Complaisant husbands of flighty wives.

* * *

Yankee "sportsmen."

* * *

The "side" put on by billiard professionals.

* * *

The way the rates are going up in my district.

* * *

Women who crowd into smoking carriages.

* * *

Earning my living.

MPLETE SHORT STORY.

THE HUNGER

By R. D. CROMBIE.

h, make the most of what
we yet may spend,
efore we too into the dust descend,
ust unto dust, and unto dust to lie,
ans wine, sans song, sans s nger, and sans end.

—OMAR KHAYYAM.

He liked her face when he saw her beneath the re of lights in Leicester Square, and, when he accosted her, they chatted for a space and n went and had a drink together.

t was past midnight when they came out of café. They took a taxi and ultimately alighted side a gloomy-looking house in Bloomsbury.

Her flat was quite comfortably furnished, and looked about him with a glance that preciated it.

She eyed him sideways as she unpinned her hat. e was not quite sure of the kind of man he was. He was good-looking, in a hard, reckless sort of y, with strong, white teeth and a certain sar- hic assurance. She felt that he had probably ocked about the world a lot.

His eyes were his one good feature. They re grey and quizzical, charged with a curious ght vitality.

He divested himself of his overcoat and, taking hair, lit a cigarette.

"Got anything to drink, about?" he asked.

"Yes, whisky." She brought out a bottle, and ured out a liberal supply. "Don't touch whisky yself," she said. "Doesn't suit me. Stout's my op. Soda?"

He nodded, watching her with an experienced e. She was well past the twenties, he judged, d passably pretty, though with the inevitable rd veneer of artificiality. There was something out her which particularly appealed to him— mething quite apart from her physical attrac- n. He set himself to analyse what it ight be.

She was absent in the adjoining room for some inutes. When she came back she stooped over m with a cigarette in her mouth, and he held a ghted match to it, gazing into her eyes the while ith curiosity rather than ardour.

"Do you know," said he, confidently, "there's affinity between you and me."

"What makes you say that?" she asked, seat- g herself opposite and linking her hands over e knee.

"I feel that I understand you," he said. "Don't mile. I've been thinking it out. You're one of ose persons who seem readable and yet not ansparent. I mean—you interest me."

He exchanged smiles with her.

"What are you up to?" she asked. "Pulling y leg or paying compliments?".

"I'm trying to be sincere—for once," he said, nd he laughed a little, as though struck by the ovelty of the desire. "Seeing you there—by the ay, I like that pale blue dressing-gown; it suits ou rippingly—I can't help thinking you're entirely ut of your rut. Everybody has a rut, you know —one that they would be safest and best in; but nly a few find it, and many cut transversely cross life and never come to rest anywhere. I'm ne of the latter sort myself. Now you. . . ."

He paused, appraising her with candid, critical yes. His very frankness robbed the personalities f offensiveness. She classified him in her mind s a "curio."

"You," he went on, "have a definite flavour of omeliness about you. I can picture you without difficulty as sitting by the fireside mending tockings——"

Her abrupt sound of amusement checked him momentarily.

"Or, with your arms white to the elbow with flour, making pies and cakes and all sorts of delectable things——

"And washing the baby, no doubt?" she put in, derisively.

"Yes, that part of it, of course. A family, in fact. Chubby-legged, quarrelsome boys, and blue-eyed girls, and a nursery ringing with shrill cries and happiness."

"And yellings," she said.

"Oh, yes, plenty of that. And dirty, sticky fingers."

"And smudgy faces, badly needing handkerchiefs. . . ."

They regarded each other, their expressions changing.

"Quaint, lovable little devils—kids," he said thoughtfully.

"Brats," she commented.

"D'you think so? *I* don't. They appeal to me. . . . Sentimentality some would call it. . . . Well, I'm forty, and I'd like a youngster of my own. Honour bright, I would. A sturdy, strapping boy, fearless-eyed—looking at me with the fine trust and confidence that puts new heart into one—and new decency. . . . By—— George! yes, I'd like it."

He had the laugh in his eyes still, but his teeth suddenly clenched.

"What's the good of wanting?" she said.

"True. Yet one hungers sometimes. . . . Do you?" he asked her, as one seeking a companion in trouble.

"I?" she said. She looked at the cigarette between her fingers, drew on it, and cast it with an expression of disgust into the grate. He saw her breast heave.

"Don't know," she said.

They were aware of an abrupt discomfort.

"What made you get on to *this* subject?" she asked.

"What in *hell* made you get on to it?" She rose to her feet quivering.

"My—gad," he said softly. "I'm sorry."

"Sorry!" She wheeled on him with a bursting sob. "Sorry!" she said.

Her dressing-gown fell open and she caught it together, writhing with an overwhelming bitterness of shame.

"Don't look at me!" she cried, as she met his distended gaze. "Oh, if you only knew how I hate you!"

She sank into the chair, rocking and shuddering over clasped arms.

He stared at her with a gradually increasing horror. It was as though a black pit had yawned before his eyes.

He was wise enough not to attempt to comfort her.

She became quieter after a while, and swept both hands over her brow as though to wipe away the torture.

"I suppose you go about talking to every woman like this," she said tonelessly.

"I don't," he said simply. "I can't think what persuaded me to on this occasion."

"You'll think me a mad miserable fool. These feelings come over us now and then. It's impossible to kill them. They're part of us."

"Yes," he agreed gravely.

"Only to have something to care for. Just a little helpless thing outside ourselves . . . to love it . . . and kiss it . . . and hold it tight sometimes. Oh! God . . . there'd be some happiness in that!"

"I think I can understand . . . a little," he said. "We men have hankerings, too. Not exactly for that . . . but for—for *devotion*. For someone to care for us in spite of ourselves. To believe in us and help us on to some finer end. To give us an Aim.

"What is life when it's lived only for the gratification of Self? I have lived all my life putting Self before all other considerations—and I—well, you see what I am. . . .

"The things I've missed," he said, with sudden bitter wistfulness. He stared hard before him into distance, viewing the great waste places of lost opportunity. "The strong, simple, plain things. The wholesome things. . . . My God! when I think of it."

He looked at her.

"You've found it out," he said. "Haven't you? The bleak misery of an utter loneliness."

She put out her hands as though to push away an oppressive weight.

"It's pitiful," he said.

"It's horrible," she breathed, shuddering.

"What is it persuades us to make such a mess of things? I often wonder. I wonder if *you* can tell me. It's odd that we should be talking like this—two strangers—ships that pass in the night. I was right in feeling we possess an affinity. It's an affinity of Error; an affinity of Helplessness."

"Of misery," she said.

"And all we can do is to talk . . ."

They were silent for a long time.

"If only we could heal each other," he said.

"It's too late," she answered.

"Is it ever too late?" He gripped his hands with an abrupt vision of a Possibility. "Why should creatures who have missed gaining the finer things indulge in universal self-condemnation? They should pull together, forgiving each other's failings by consciousness and memory of their own. The fallen should mate with the fallen. None else will put out a hand to help drag them from the mire. Why not, for instance, you and I—as an experiment—as a beginning?"

He paused, with his bright vital eyes lit up almost with gladness. The stupendous absurdity of such a proposal to one whom he had never met with before that night, was overshadowed by the recognition of a Chance. A Chance to cleanse himself by aiding her. She brought him back to reality by uttering a scornful laugh.

"Impossible!" she said.

"Do you believe it *is* impossible?" he asked her, with a quiet earnestness which killed the derisive smile on her lips.

They sat forward now, regarding each other with a strained intentness, the soul of each laid bare in the eyes.

"You mean—you would dare such a thing as that?" she whispered.

"I would—to save my soul alive. . . . Would you?"

She nodded quite mechanically.

"Are you free?"

"I have no one in the world."

"Nor have I, I'm a poor man, though."

She made a slight gesture.

He went on:

"I shall take you right out of this. Right away. To a new life. A new world. Heavens! the chance before both of us. And I shall love you. God knows how deeply I shall love you. The love that's in my heart, that's never had an outlet . . ."

He was staring at her with a white, wild hunger—the hunger of a man for fulfilment.

"Oh, my dear," she said with breaking sob. She put out her arms to him instinctively, wanting only to comfort him.

* * * * * * *

And thus they set out to brave life's trials together.

ATHLETIC CUSTOMERS

TRIALS THE SALESMAN HAS TO ENDURE.

To the man who is keenly interested in more than one branch of sport—in other words, an all-round sportsman—there are few more attractive ways of earning a living than officiating as salesman in an athletic outfitter's establishment.

Here he is surrounded by all manner of implements which affect him with a kindly interest amounting practically to enthusiasm, for the reason that even under the highest pressure of business he is in some way associated with the scenes in which he delights. In selling a cricket bat, he cannot help letting his mind wander to the green field he knows so well, where a genial sun glints on the wickets and the "tunk" of a fast ball, met fairly on the right part of the blade, and played hard past the bowler, is wont to fill him in his leisure hours with a justifiable feeling of pride.

KINDRED SPIRITS.

What is more, he is lucky in having to attend to men of his own kidney—to wit, to sportsmen, men whom he understands and who, in their turn, understand him. On the whole, an athletic salesman has a really good time.

But there are exceptions to every rule; and this man's life bears out the maxim to the full. Now and then he will come across customers, some of whom will fill him with a more or less gentle melancholy—in most cases *more*—and some of whom will make him genuinely angry. As a salesman in a very well-known establishment, I can give you a few typical instances.

Most of you will have seen, or at any rate, read of, an amusing sketch called "Buying a Gun," in which Mr. G. P. Huntly recently took part in London. He played the part of a "dandy" who was to go shooting for the first time in his life, and who, among other requirements, wanted cartridges—or, as he called them, "bullet things"—to match his tie and socks.

DOING IT IN STYLE.

Well, just such a man came into my department not long ago to buy a general sporting outfit. He had—good luck to him—been imbued with the idea of making himself fit by going in for different kinds of sport, and "as money was no object," wanted everything to be of the best.

First of all he wanted boxing-gloves, a punching-ball, and all the rest of it—*but*, he must have his monogram worked on them in yellow silk. I felt rather sorry for the unfortunate man who got a hit in the face with an elaborately-embossed silk monogram—but I consoled myself with the thought that my customer would probably get more than he gave!

A "GLIDING BAT."

Another rather humorous customer of mine wanted a cricket bat, but as, according to him, he was particularly addicted to "glides," he was anxious to get what he called a "gliding bat," by which he apparently meant *one particularly suited to that kind of stroke!*

I say it without shame—I produced an ungainly weapon, which, by reason of its faulty grain and horrible balance, had been on my hands for months, but which had been so anointed with oil as to glisten like silver. I sold it to him for a high price, and—would you believe it?—he came back some weeks after, and thanked me warmly for having sold him the best "gliding bat" that he had ever purchased!

But the type of man who fills me with the greatest repugnance. is the wealthy weakling, who has never done anything in sport, but who wishes to pretend he has.

You may hardly believe it, but I often am asked for an ornate silver cup or goblet, engraved with a name, which the purchaser may proudly show to his visitors as "a little pot I won for a ten-mile run at X—— some years ago, you know." Happily, however, this type of customer is very rare.

W. L. A.

A MAN'S PRIDE.

HOW IT DIFFERS WITH EVERYONE.

What is pride? There can hardly be a definition, for every man has a different variety. "I like Jones," you will hear a man say. "There's not an atom of pride about him." And yet the same speaker, if he were hard up, and you offered him a loan, might easily be prevented by his pride from accepting your offer.

Quite recently the writer was accosted in a London suburb by a youngster—well dressed in the gold-braided uniform of a cadet in a well-known steamship company—who asked for "twopence towards a night's lodging." His good breeding and personal cleanliness were obvious, and the writer could not help taking an interest in him. So he asked a few pertinent questions.

It appeared that the youth had "had a row with his people," had run away, and was too proud to go back. But he was, apparently, not too proud to beg from total strangers in the street.

What was more probable was that in a thoughtless moment he had taken some money from his parents with which to have a good time, and then looked upon his fault as too enormous to admit of his returning home.

The writer gave him no money, but he volunteered some good advice—*inter alia*, an immediate assumption of the rôle of prodigal son, and I hope the boy swallowed his pride and acted on the suggestion.

Pride is undoubtedly the most valuable asset a man can have. Provided it be pride of the right kind, it will help him to hold his head high and prevent him from doing anything unworthy of a man.

The man who consistently recommends you, when you are down, to "put your pride in your pocket" is probably a "waster" who wants you to become one as well.

There is an old saying that "the desire not to be lowest seeks to level all," and the man without an atom of the right sort of pride is uncomfortable when he meets someone who has it, because he is vaguely conscious of the other's superiority.

But the pride that is no good whatever is "false pride." A vainglorious, coxy bounder has no business to be proud at all. On the contrary, he would do much better if he had a certain amount of shame. For "shame" and "pride" are often synonymous.

A. BLACKWELL.

STREET CADGERS.

SOME OF LONDON'S MOST PLAUSIBLE ROGUES.

"Can you tell me how far it is to Barnet from here, sir? I want to get there, for, I think, there's a chance of a job for me. It's truth I'm telling you, sir. I'm out of work, and I haven't tasted food since yesterday."

Thus did a shabby individual address a friend of the writer's near the Archway Tavern, Highgate, one Sunday evening.

My friend, who was out for a stroll, thought he would test the man's story. He took him to a cheap restaurant, ordered and paid for refreshments, and then patiently waited outside until the unfortunate one had finished his meal.

Being suspicious, he asked the man once more if he really wished to go to Barnet. Yes, he was keen on doing so, but he was afraid he would never manage to walk all the way.

"All right," said my friend, as he crossed the street to the tram terminus, "I'm going to Barnet by car and you can come with me. I'll pay."

It was with great hesitation that the man entered the car, and when Whetstone was reached he suddenly remarked that he felt faint, stepped from the tram, and disappeared.

This same gentleman, who is of a charitable disposition, had another little experience, but on the next occasion he was more careful. A youth of about eighteen years tackled him in Holloway Road one day. It was the old tale—out of work. He had the chance of a job in Charing Cross Road provided he could get a decent suit of clothes. A grocer was willing to give him a chance, but his rig-out was too shabby at present; would the gentleman give him a little to help.

My friend was very suspicious. The number given, he felt almost certain, was not occupied by a grocer, but by a bookseller. He was not at all sure of the youth's story, and told him so; but, at any rate, he would give him a fair chance. The unemployed one was to meet him at Holloway Bridge next morning at eleven o'clock. Together they would go to the Charing Cross Road grocer, and settle about the situation; then my friend would provide him with a new suit of clothes. He could pay back the cost by instalments.

The youth promised to be at the place appointed punctually at the hour stated, but he never turned up, though my friend waited for him over an hour.

Another plausible rascal sometimes sallies forth in a khaki uniform. Evening is his time, and he patronises unfrequented streets. Once, in the neighbourhood of the Angel, Islington, he tackled a Yorkshireman. The latter is considered a hard-headed chap, but on this occasion he lost his reputation.

The alleged soldier spun a tale about being in London on furlough. He belonged to Doncaster; his father resided in a big house near to the racecourse. He was wanting to get home now, but he hadn't a penny in his pocket. He had, he said, taken a little too much to drink, got into the hands of some sharks in a Euston Road pub; result—cleaned out. He had been able to beg a sixpence, and with it he had wired to his father for help. Now he hadn't a penny in his pocket, and was on his way to the Embankment, where he intended sleeping on a seat for the night. He expected word from his father next morning at Charing Cross Post-office.

It is a fact—though hardly believable—that he blarneyed a shilling out of this "cute Northerner; the latter never even thought of asking what regiment the man belonged to. He was to get his shilling back on the following night at the same place and time, but though he attended the spot regularly for a week he saw no more of the "soldier laddie."

D. CAMPBELL.

IEN'S BEDS

EXPERIENCES OF EEPING PLACES IN ERY QUARTER OF THE GLOBE.

ecessity may or may not e one acquainted with nge bed-fellows, but it ainly does introduce one range beds.

ven in England you may yourself "dossing" on a ard-table or in an empty

ravel to Scotland, put up a cottage in the remoter ricts, and you will prob- be invited to occupy a ernous recess let into the

o into seaside lodgings, it it is ten to one on your g asked to sleep in a feather bed, which, so as I am concerned, means no sleep at all. Why is it that seaside landladies are so partial feather beds? People usually go to the sea in mmer, when the feather bed is intolerably hot and ffy. They take up a lot of room, are expensive begin with, and, I believe, do not last long.

MANY LANDS.

o abroad, and you will meet with all manner strange beds. Perhaps you remember Mark ain's remarks on the German bed. They were t exaggerated. It is a box-like arrangement, d extraordinarily uncomfortable. In Iceland the d is still more box-like. In fact, it is a regular eet, and if you are unusually long in the legs u have to hang them over the edge, which eans that you spend most of the night wondering wever you could have been such a confounded ol as to come to such a confounded country.

In India you sleep on a charpoy. This is mply a four-legged wooden bedstead, the bed elf being tight-stretched canvas. In the Indian mate a mattress would be intolerably hot.

In Japan they invite you to sleep on the floor, ith a block of wood for a pillow.

I don't know what Tommy's bedstead is like w, but it used to be a folding-up arrangement ade of iron.

Of all frauds commend me to the chair-edstead. As a chair it is horribly uncomfort-le; while as a bed it is the invention of the devil. t invariably sags in the middle when let down, nd if you turn in your sleep some tender portion f your anatomy gets nipped between the hinges. Camp bedsteads, too, are often impositions, hich give way without warning and bristle with esh-pinching joints and hinges.

A really good military bedstead, however, takes lot of beating. Strong, narrow, and with a wire attress, it is healthy and sleep-giving.

HE SLEEPING-BAG FALLACY.

Young hunters and explorers generally equip hemselves with complicated sleeping-bags, but he old hand is content to carry his blankets loose. The sleeping-bag is a nuisance to get into and a uisance to get out of again. It is often intoler-bly stuffy and likely to give you cramp, prevent-ng you, as it does, from kicking your legs about. The old hand knows how to roll himself up in his blankets so that he is quite warm and comfortable without being or feeling imprisoned. Of course, n the Arctic or Antarctic a sleeping-bag is a ecessity, but in ordinary regions it is something of a snare and a delusion.

It is wonderful how soon you get accustomed to sleeping on the ground. Mr. John Foster Fraser, the well-known traveller and author, tells a good tory in this connection. He had been travelling or weeks across China, sleeping always in the open, when at last he reached a British consulate.

"Beer or whisky?" said the hospitable consul.

"Both, please," said the traveller, who had not seen either for a long time.

Then he was shown to his room, wherein stood a dainty, snowy, lace-curtained bed. He promised himself a real good sleep that night, but when he went to bed do you think he could sleep? Not a bit of it, and it was not until he got up and lay down on the hard floor that his tired eyes closed almost at once.

The big liners are now fitted with regular four-posters, but in the smaller boats you still have to endure all the discomforts of a ship's bunk. They are very real. It never seems to have occurred to many ship-builders that a man may be over six foot in height, and if you are such a one or rather try to sleep, you have to sleep, doubled up.

A PAINFUL EXPERIENCE.

Then the top berth is often so close to the cabin roof or the lower berth to the upper one that if you jump up hurriedly you hit your head an almighty crack against the ceiling or the upper berth.

Sometimes, too, the outer board is not high enough, and if the ship rolls badly you are liable to be pitched clean out, which is a pretty painful matter—*experto crede.*

Travellers passing through the Red Sea often sleep on deck, but perhaps more to be able to "buck" of having done so than from any real necessity. A hammock is all right once you get to know it, and how to get into and out of it, but you've got to hold it first.

SEVEN NIGHTS IN A COACH.

Of all horrible places to sleep in commend me to a coach. I once journeyed seven days in a coach which travelled night and day, and I wouldn't go through it again for untold gold.

I didn't really sleep. I was in a sort of coma from which I was awakened every five or ten minutes by violent cramps, red-hot pins and needles, or other agonising pains.

One man went on the roof in sheer desperation one hot night, but a ter he had fallen off and had to chase the coach for the best part of seven miles, he concluded to come inside again.

ARTHUR WALTERS.

NON-SPILLING INK-POTS.

The simple form of conical ink-pot, which has a sort of funnel running down the centre, and which is rightly described as unspillable, has its obvious uses on the desk of any man who has occasion to have many books or papers beside him, for these are always liable to slip under or against the ink-pot and to tip it up.

It not infrequently happens that even the user of a so-called unspillable ink-pot finds a nasty splash of ink over his desk.

This is due to his having filled the bottle too full. In filling up one of these ink-pots care should be taken not to let the ink come above a certain height. The height can easily be determined by tilting the bottle sideways in order to see that the bottom of the funnel does not at any time touch the surface of the ink.

Bottles of this type have one great disadvantage in that they tend to soil that part of the pen where the fingers come, and consequently many men prefer an ordinary ink-bottle, with a large flat bottom, which is easier to dip into, and which is practically unspillable.

ROD-FISHING FOR SEA-FISH.

HOW TO ASSURE A SUCCESSFUL DAY'S SPORT.

This is, of course, the most sportsmanlike form of sea-angling.

A rod that will do equally well for either pier or boat fishing is a strong 14ft. spinning or pike rod, fitted with upright brass rings.

Use a large Nottingham reel, with a line guard and brass fittings, save the pin, which is usually of steel.

Line and gut must, of course, be pretty strong. It is usual to have three Pennell Limerick hooks on the cast, attached by short single strands of gut—the main cast should be a double strand of gut.

The lowest hook should be just above the lead, the others eighteen inches apart.

When trying for dabs or flat fish tie the lowest hook on to double the ordinary length of gut, and let the bait rest on the bottom.

Red rubber eels with spinner on cranked hook are a very deadly bait. The hook being bent or cranked the eel revolves when drawn through the water.

Spinning for bass with rubber eel from rocks is fine sport, but a trifle dangerous, as it is no good trying it except from steep rocks in deep water, over which the surf breaks, and the rocks being slippery you are liable to tumble in.

The method is to cast well out, allowing the bait to sink, then draw it in by a series of jerks.

A dead sand eel is a good bait in place of the artificial eel, and pollack may also be taken this way.

On a sandy beach bass may be taken by wading in as far as you can, casting out, letting the bait rest on to the bottom, then retreating to the shore and waiting for a bite. A bass in such circumstances will give you a pretty lively time of it.

Grey mullet give very good sport, but they are very shy "birds" indeed. Rag worms are out and away the best bait for them, though they will also take ordinary earth-worms, raw shrimp, boiled macaroni, or pilchard. Light paternoster gear should be used from piers or rocks.

You must give grey mullet plenty of time to take the bait, and you should refrain from striking until the float has gone right under. Play him boldly and land as quick as you can.

Pollacking from piers or rocks is a capital amusement. Use a fine line with a single gut cast about a yard in length. To the lower end of the cast attach a No. 11. Limerick hook, and weight with two or three small shot.

Bait with ragworms, leaving two or three tails hanging down, and the livelier the worms the better.

A float is desirable. When fishing from rocks let the current take your line well out to sea.

You should try different depths for pollack—that is, if the fish won't bite, try altering the length of line below the float.

Mackerel will often rise to bright flies, or a piece of red flannel fished with a rod.

Mackerel should be played very steadily, and when landing him you should be particularly careful not to let him knock against the side of the boat or pier, for if you do it is ten to one on his dropping off the hook when, like Lord Ullin, you will be left lamenting.

Bass and pollack will also take flies, and sea trout will often take salmon flies cast from rocks near the mouth of a river.

When fishing from steep rocks you should always have a long-handled gaff with you, and as a rule it is unwise to go in for rock fishing without a companion to help you land the fish.

Incidentally, the companion may be useful in landing you, if you have the misfortune to lose your footing, and go into the water.

From about an hour before high tide to about an hour after it is usually the best fishing time, though sea fish are quite as "contrary" and liable to come on or go off their feed for no apparent reason as their fresh-water brethren.

A. S. HALL.

MOTOR-BOATING WEEK-ENDS

HOW TO ENJOY THEM AT A SMALL COST.

Despite the fact that nowadays all sorts of manners of spending a "week-end away" offer themselves to the worker who is bent on a short holiday from toil, few of them, strangely enough, appear to present any considerable attractions to the majority of men. There is, perhaps, too much of a "sameness" about most of them. A walking tour, for instance, has very much in common with a week-end on a bicycle. To go away golfing generally involves too great an expenditure, and the same thing may be said, in the case of a good many men, about a week-end at the seaside. We are, most of us, quite hard enough "put to it," to use the vernacular, to hoard up enough for our eagerly-anticipated summer holiday; and even so short a space as a week-end in the average seaside "digs" would entail too great a strain on our resources just now.

Why not try a week-end in a motor-boat, either cruising round the coast or up the river? Here we have comparative novelty combined with decided cheapness; for it is the object of this article to demonstrate how the cost of such a jaunt may be reduced to a practically insignificant figure.

The possibilities of a motor-boating week-end will naturally present themselves more favourably to readers living either at or near the seashore, or else close to a river; and, just for the sake of example, we will take the case of men living in London, whence they can either take a trip up-river or slip down to the sea, just as they please.

DIVIDING THE COST.

First of all, as in most ventures of the kind, we must not forget that, as regards finances, combination makes for power, or, rather, reduced expenses to each individual. Let us, then, get together four men—not more—sociable, good chaps, who know one another and don't mind roughing it a bit, and the writer will be very much surprised indeed if they don't have the time of their lives.

Now we must get our boat. These are not to be had everywhere; but in the district that lines the University Boatrace course, from Putney to Mortlake, more than one boat-builder will be found who has two or three motor-boats. The writer, indeed, is acquainted with the proprietor of a little riverside public-house at Hammersmith who possesses a particularly commodious petrol launch, which he takes down to Southampton during the busy season, for the purpose of half-hour trips at sea, and which at other times of the year he is prepared to let out on hire "to approved applicants."

LEARNING THE ROPES.

The cost of hire for a fair-sized motor-launch for a week-end—say from Saturday morning to Sunday night—should not be more than £2, which would work out, among four subscribers, at 10s. per man—a very small sum, considering the enjoyment to be got out of the trip.

Any man who can drive a motor-car, and who is acquainted with the rule of the road on the river or at sea, will, of course, have no difficulty with the management of a motor-boat. But even if none of your party possesses either of these qualifications, the difficulty is easily surmounted.

The worthy person from whom you hire the boat will show you how to start, to slow down, to get up speed, or to stop dead, and also how to steer, in an hour's lesson, which should be preferably taken a day or two beforehand, and which may cost you anything from a drink to half a crown, according to the personality of your mentor. From him, too, you can learn the few simple rules of the road, although if you have kept your back numbers of THE MODERN MAN you will find them therein.

Your launch's cabin will probably have a "well" forward and a cabin astern, the latter being fitted with two side seats, which can be improvised into bunks for two of you. The other two will have to make the best of it in the "well," which can be covered over with a tarpaulin during wet weather. One of you, however, will probably have to be on watch at night, so that there will not be more than three sleeping at the same time.

As regards "domestic utensils," all that is necessary can usually be borrowed from home. This consists of a couple of plates for each man, an oil or spirit stove, a kettle, a frying pan, and some knives and forks. Five or six loaves of bread and a pound or so of butter, plus half a pound of tea, will probably be enough food. The rest you can catch with rod or line, and you will enjoy it all the more for doing so.

THE BILL.

Let us now consider the expenses of such a week-end. Roughly, they should be as follows:

	£	s.	d.
Hire of boat	2	0	0
Preliminary instruction ...	0	5	0
Harbour dues (one night)	0	2	0
Bread, butter, tea, &c. ...	0	5	6
Total.....	£2	12	6

Divided between four men, we can see that the cost would work out at 13s. 1½d.; but as we have perhaps underestimated the extent of four appetites rendered keen by open air, and have not taken any extras into consideration, we may perhaps put the whole joint bill for the week-end down at £3, this making each man's expenses up to 15s., a sum for which it would be practically impossible to get any other kind of holiday away, taking into consideration board, lodging, and the cost of travelling.

The great advantage which motor-boating possesses over other kinds of marine locomotion is the far greater independence of wind and tide which it enjoys.

On the river you will "chug-chug" happily past many a powerful eight, pulling laboriously against a heavy tide; and at sea, majestic sailing ships, tacking and performing all manner of mysterious manœuvres to circumvent the unpropitious wind, will envy you your almost impudently easy progress.

F. F. A. HORNER.

BARROW BOOKS.

WHEN TO BUY AND WHEN TO REFRAIN.

The majority of books sold by the street barrow-man for a few pence each are worth very little, for they are mostly publishers' remainders—that is, the tail-end of stocks of unsaleable books which the publishers have not been able to dispose of more profitably than at a few pence apiece to these men.

Care should be taken, therefore, not to spend money in buying the wares of the book barrow-man except in the case of certain books.

For example, you can buy a post-office directory for last year from one of these barrow-men at a fraction of the price which you would have to pay for this year's directory, and, in some cases, a last year's directory may suit you almost as well as an up-to-date one.

Again, certain books of reference which are published yearly can be bought very cheaply as soon as they are just out-of-date. These can well be obtained from the barrow-man.

Books on technical subjects are also worth examining. Some of them have got to the barrow because their original price was too high.

You can also pick up, from time to time, although it is very seldom, a really rare old book, but book collecting of this type should not be attempted unless you have an exact knowledge of bibliography.

An old book that seems to you a prize may be worth even less than you pay for it, simply because the plates have been extracted from it.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

Membership of the League is open to all regular readers of this paper. There is no subscription nor do members undertake any other liability. The League, with its thousands of members, has been the means of bringing into touch men of similar tastes and making friendships all over the world.

The wearing of the League badge, which is supplied at cost price in various forms, gives you the privilege of an introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.

The League colours are blue, gold, and purple, and can now be obtained by members from Messrs. A. W. Gamage, Ltd., Holborn, London, E.C., in the following forms:—

Straw-hat bands (made up and adjustable)	1s. 4½d., post free	Wide-ended silk ties	2s. 5½d., post free
Narrow bow ties	1s. 5½d., " "	Silk mufflers	4s. 11d. "

The badge is obtainable in the following forms and at the following prices:

Gold-plated tie-pin	6d.	Solid silver tie-pin.....	1s.
Gold-plated safety-pin.....	6d.	Solid silver safety-pin	1s.
Gold-plated lapel or cap badge	6d.	Solid silver lapel or cap badge	1s.
Gold-plated pendant for watch-chain ...	6d.	Solid silver pendant for watch-chain.....	1s.

9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.
18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 12s.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westing House Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

ANOTHER KERNAHAN STORY.

THE OTHER GENERAL

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

Trooper Kernahan, a briar pipe of the correct bulldog formation between his teeth, sat, his putteed legs outstretched, in the most comfortable of arm-chairs in his bachelor habitation.

The clock marked the hour of five-thirty. Tea stood waiting on a neat white cloth on his table. Eloquent of the fact that Brermouth was blessed with an adjacency to Cromer, a fine crab, daintily dressed by the best of landladies who appreciated the best of lodgers, was set out with all the style of Scott's—a picture for a gourmet.

Kernahan, while ever a good trencherman, did not come under this heading, perhaps. Yet, looking at the well-browned, home-made cake, the couple of plates of sensibly-cut, somewhat thick bread and butter, the anchovied eggs, the sardines, and the couple of pots of preserves, anyone would have pronounced it enough for the repast of six hearty men.

As a matter of fact, the cups indicated that four were expected to sit down to that little meal. It formed one of the events of Kernahan's week. It was his Drill Night Tea, partaken of regularly by his friends, Sergeant Hall, and Troopers Stephen and Carteret.

As he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, he heard the call of the Tenth Legion, whistled a little creakily by Carteret as a solo, and taken up by way of chorus by the other men.

Kernahan rose and went to the door.

Three bronzed and smiling faces greeted him.

"To save the fluttering heart of our new domestic," Kernahan explained, suavely. "She might be affected by you luminant sparks. . . Squad! form file and come in at a walk. (No need to bark our mahogany Chippendale with your spurs, Carteret, you clumsy cab-horse.) That's right, there's plenty of chairs. Decorate yourselves about the room as nicely as possible. Now we'll kid ourselves we're with the British Army. Just whistle the 'Cook House' will you, Carteret?"

Carteret obliged.

"Come to the cook-house door, boys;
Come to the cook-house door. . ."

"Not bad for you," said Kernahan, as his rotund landlady came in, bearing in front of her a homely and capacious tea-pot.

"One thing about your teas," observed Trooper Hall, helping himself to a couple of chunks of bread and butter, "they're grateful to the stomach. Whew! and a purty leetle crab. You must be dam wealthy, Kernahan."

"And anchovy eggs and sardines," exclaimed Carteret. "Who stumped up for all this?"

"You," said Kernahan, joyfully. "Sergeant-Major suddenly recollected you'd got our Shooting Club's Weekly Competition third prize to come—half a beautiful dollar. He handed it over to me. I knocked it down to a good brew—and here we are! What would have been the use of it to you? You'd only have given it to some podgy book-maker."

"No; I'm giving the 'osses a rest, old man," said Carteret, calmly.

It was a rule of the fraternity that chance-won money could always be devoted to a brotherly brew *pro bono publico*, in times of financial stress of the host.

"Vote of thanks to you for selecting that whopping crab, though," said Carteret. "If it's as tasty as it looks, it'll do little Winklestein, thank me."

They made a meal after the manner of young men by themselves, which is to say a good and substantial one.

Their noses disappeared behind huge, far from dainty, cups, and there was much clattering as Kernahan (addressed as "mother" on these occasions) was passed the cups for further replenishing of that which at camp has other names besides mere undecorative "tea."

The meal progressed to the accompaniment of

the cracking of claws and a somewhat boisterous conversation.

Sometimes Carteret tilted his chair back and made the cups dance with a neatly strengthed kick under the table. At others, Stephen, carver of the cake, juggled as a preliminary with the cake knife and the butter knife, or Hall obliged with a nutcracker and nutpick accompanied ragtime song. But, excepting these things, the tea passed without incident, and the only casualty recorded was the burning of Carteret's over-officious fingers on the lid of the hot-water jug.

With the eye of a bachelor host to the proper time of clearing away a feast, Kernahan gave that order just as his company became rather accurate in their lump-sugar-throwing practice.

A little hot, they ranged the table into something of a respectable appearance and took seats around the room in the manner that is accepted among the more staid circles of society as the excess of gentility—all this to give a good impression of their exemplary demeanour to whomsoever should clear away the remains of the repast.

It is sad to admit, however, that no sooner had the new maid (who was unfavourably criticised from a beauty standpoint by Carteret, and slightly approved by Stephen, who, as Hall said, was at the age when something old enough to be his mother is the young man's popular fancy) closed the door on a neater room than they relapsed into the free, sprawling lounge that is the privilege of the cavalry man by reason of his understrapped overalls.

"Gentlemen," said Sergeant Hall, his big fingers delving in Kernahan's tobacco jar, "I rise (or, rather, I jolly well stick where I am for the sake of this 'baccy-jar) to propose the usual vote of thanks to Trooper Kernahan for the excellent tea with which he has provided us."

"Beg to second that, most Noble," said Stephen.

"Carried unanim.," said Carteret, holding up both hands, "on behalf of the Guard."

"And damme," he concluded after a pause, "if even that old wheeze can raise a ripple on old K.'s unlovely mug!"

"What the dooce are you so serious about?" asked Hall. "D'you know your sugar-loaf sighters were all bosses? Disgraceful! You look like having a hot time at our next Tea if you don't improve."

"Next time?" said Kernahan, puffing slowly at his pipe. "Next time?"

Then he laughed in that brief, mellow, kindly fashion that told you he was what men term a "good chap."

"Why, boys," he said, in a manner reminiscent of the rhyme of the little boy and the apple core, "there ain't going to be no next time."

"Pig!" said Carteret promptly. "And you know how handy this is for the station."

"Exactly," said Kernahan. "That was the idea from the first. That gave us the line, anyway. When old Alexander first came down——"

"Yes. Whew!" said Sergeant Hall. "What a lot has happened since then!"

And he looked up at Carteret. Even that light young man was without a flippant comment.

They had all caught some meaning in Kernahan's tone.

Carteret seemed wishful to help Kernahan along.

"Prince Alexander of Norfolk Street's Guard of Honour messes here first," he said, laughing a little. "Then they proceed, according to long usage, to the station. Now you suggest that this is not likely to form a mess-room in future for that Guard of Honour."

He paused to let Kernahan in.

"Because there will be no Guard of Honour," said Kernahan. "It's been very much my opinion for some weeks.

He puffed big clouds of smoke.

"And no Prince," he said presently.

It is possible to attribute the odd catch in his voice to the Carteretian simile; or, again, it may have been the tobacco choking him slightly.

The mist cleared away, and showed a Kernahan still studying the grain of his briar.

"I say," he said, "'member how we got the old boy in first of all, Stephen—that coach drive—the race for the one vacancy? It was a sporting affair. You and Hall drove another man, and, gosh! we nearly scrunched up, wheel against wheel, in the Narrows past Orpingly Bridge."

"*I* sha'n't forget it!" said Carteret. "Can't ever think how I stuck it out. 'Member old Alec with the whip on the box of that stage-coach? Flick! Flick! Like that—and trees were just whizzing past us. And dark—dam' dark. 'Member how I yelled out 'A thousand to three bar Alexander!' Stephen, when we just cleared you and your man at the Narrows?"

"Rather. Ah, it was a night of——"

"Life," said Kernahan. "Just a wild, dancing, lashing chunk of it. You felt your blood racing. They're rare nights. We've been privileged, I believe, with one or two."

"And who's gloried in 'em more than your recruit, Kerny?" said Hall.

"Grand old times!" said Kernahan. "Grand old times! Hang it, though, I wonder how often it has struck us chaps how entirely lucky we are. In the best way in the world we serve the King and the best of Generals. Take some of those chaps—good chaps, too—who haven't the time. Simply *can't* get away."

His pipe had gone out.

"Can't get a permit from that other General whose army is the biggest of all armies—the worker's army.

"I was saying that to Alexander the other night after drill. I'd stayed at the Meteor after closing time as his guest. You should have seen the sheaf of papers and things he took out of his bag.

"'Four hours of it—by order of the General you mention, Kernahan,' he said to me. 'Three hours' sleep that means, and then on parade (under that General again) as soon as I get back to town—to make up for the lost afternoon.'

"'But,' I said, going on with the simile, 'you hold a commission in that army, Alec.'

"'Yes,' the old sport laughed—you know his way—and then looked at me gravely under his eyebrows like—you've seen him do that—full at you—connects up with your brain. 'But I'm determined to put my particular regiment high up in the tables of efficiency and precedence,' he said. 'And if an officer of a regiment has got that in view he has to work twenty times as hard as his men. It's peg, peg, peg at it all the time. It's because I'm succeeding that I have to keep going at it the harder. We're going to get *there*, as you'd say, Kernahan, there!'

"I just swallowed down my whisky-and-soda quick. I'd realised something.

"The last time I was in London I went to his office. It was after eight, but he was still working

"He wouldn't break off, so I went to a music hall by myself. I stood for a minute on the pavement looking up at the big electric lamps hanging from the walls of the building and making the pavement like a stage with the lime-light on. I thought of the man who was still working, and I felt somehow that we'd lost him.

"Yeomanry work was like kids' play when you thought about it in connection with a business like that.

"'Alexander,' I said, "I know what that means, my boy.'

"'What?' said he slowly, and still with his eyes at me.

"I had a list of the Tenth Legion handy on the back of an old ball programme—the committee list. I picked up a pen and held it near his name.

"'How long?' I said.

"He was dead quiet for five minutes. You could see him somehow weighing the regiment, his friends, the K.O., and the good times against the order of the other General who holds such sway in London.

"Then he put his arm across the table and caught my sleeve.

"'Next week,' he said, and he touched my pen, 'and then through it must go.'

"'Gad! only once more—only next week,' I said. 'It doesn't seem true. Can't be true.'

"He only shook his head, and said again:

"'Next week—and even that is not certain. Perhaps to-night I've drilled for the last time as a Trooper of Squadron "B." . . . But, Kernahan' —his grasp was tighter on my arm across the table then—'I'm not going to forget. You chaps have all been so decent to me. And you, Kernahan—well, your work won't be wasted. It's only the journey that the other General can't allow. The drill and the camps I have time for. Fancy, old K.,' he said, 'p'r'aps under some other name there will yet be another Squadron "B" of the King's Own. . . . But I shall order it from the other side of the sword. You and the essence of the Tenth Legion won't be lost. Not utterly lost. . . .'

"Then the old good sportsmanship was in his eyes again.

"'Damn it, man,' he said, 'we're perilously near to sentimentalising.'

"And he turned his head round sharp to look quite unnecessarily at the pattern of the curtains of the room.

"I picked up his flipper.

"'Oh, gad! you needn't, man,' I said. 'We're a good match.'

"I'd been hot under the eyes for five minutes. But they smarted then, and suddenly the pain just softened down. . . . I knew they were as wet as his own."

Trooper Kernahan looked around at his friends, whose faces were strangely unhappy.

"Or, as all our eyes now," he said.

Then he rose.

"The Guard of Honour," he said, "will fall in."

A second later, when a telegram had been handed to him, he revised that order.

"He does not come to-night," he said.

"And won't again," said Hall, reading the telegram. "So the Guard of Honour——"

"Guard of Honour!" said Kernahan, suddenly, in utterly amazing manner. "Oh, don't talk of the little bits of make-believe that we organise in the—the pride of our friendship, only to be ruled out by that other General. Gad! Hasn't he taken enough of our good men, enough of the pals that we can't have riding by our side because of his Order? Hasn't he taken enough that he must rob us of dear, dam', bally good old Alexander? The Guard of Honour you say, Hall? It's bowled over—wiped out—done in! Gentlemen of that Guard, dismiss—fall out—oh, go to hell if you like! And if I hear a man refer to this room as the Guard of Honour's mess—then, damn it, he can look out for his eye."

He tore up the telegram and threw it into the fireplace.

"Boys," he said—and he was unnecessarily poking the fragments into the grate, his back to the company—"my shoulder chains badly need a clean up before drill——"

"Oh, we can't fag to wait about here while you do that," said Stephen.

Kernahan, the rays of the sinking sun glinting like silver on every button and metal ornament of his uniform—including the shoulder chains—turned to them.

"Very well," he said, a little huskily. "I'll see you at the Hall later."

CHEAP RIDING.

Riding would be more popular as a sport if people knew how to get it cheaply.

A provincial job-master charges five shillings for the use of a riding hack for a couple of hours, but some of the London hirers charge as much as twelve and six an hour.

To ride under such circumstances is too expensive for most men.

If you are keen on riding, and want to ride a lot, the cheapest plan by far is to keep your own horse. His fodder bill will come out at about half-a-guinea a week, and for five or ten shillings a week, according to the conditions of local labour, you can hire a boy to look after him.

Where you only want to ride once a week your best plan is to approach some local tradesman who keeps a suitable cob. If your own weekly holiday, or half-holiday, happens to coincide with his he will be only too glad to let you have an afternoon on his cob for half-a-crown or so.

YOUR OWN WALKING-STICK.

SOME HINTS ON MAKING IT.

There are few men nowadays who feel at all comfortable when walking unless they are carrying a stick. In most cases, they do not otherwise know "what on earth to do with their hands." Besides, practically every man likes his stick to be a good one, and a good stick costs more money than a great many of us can afford. There is nothing more irritating than to pay, say, half-a-crown for a stick, and then to find it split or crack, as the result of a cunningly concealed flaw, the first time that we apply our weight at all heavily upon it.

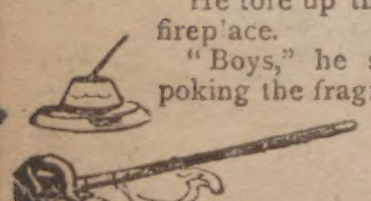
Why not, then, make your own stick? This is by no means so difficult as most people would imagine. Next time you go for a country walk take a sharp knife with you, and if you should come across a nice strong branch—an ash-plant, for instance—growing in a field, cut it carefully off. Do not cut it straight, but rather, if possible, prune it where there is a bulge, so that it may afford a good handle. The best part, of course, is the root.

When you get it home carve the knob or handle with care, and when you have shaped it to your liking, smooth it with emery or glass paper. An ash stick, too, looks well, if the notches that it bears along its length are peeled, and rubbed with emery paper in the same way. Polish the handle and the bare patches with sweet oil—several applications will be necessary—and then a coat of varnish should be put on them. Let this dry, and again polish the different places with sweet oil.

All that has to be done now is to put on a ferrule, which any stick-maker will sell you for twopence—and fix on, too, without any extra charge.

An ash-plant may be made to resemble an Irish blackthorn by the simple expedient of peeling it, smoking it over a peat fire for some hours, and then varnishing it. If you want it to present a very dark appearance, this can be given to it by the application of a strong dark mahogany stain.

H. C. JONES.



THE SPELL OF WATER.

HOW MEN ARE FASCINATED BY IT IN DIFFERENT WAYS.

It is highly dangerous to some people to look at deep water, such as is to be found by the edge of mountain-lochs or reservoirs, in canals or mill-dams, the reaches of a big river, or the occasional pools of a tumbling hurrying stream.

Although they may be perfectly sane healthy, happy people, they are apt to be seized with an almost irresistible longing to plunge into the dark, mysterious depths.

Others, again, are affected with sickness or giddiness when looking into deep water just as many people are by looking down from a great height.

Strong-headed persons may laugh at the idea of water casting such an evil spell on anyone, but the fear of deep water is a very real terror, and its suicide-tempting qualities do not exist in the imagination only.

There is, indeed, something uncanny about still, deep water, nor does it need to be so very deep to impress you.

At sea you may be thousands of fathoms above the ocean bed, and yet have no sense of depth. On the other hand, it requires strong nerves to sit by the overhanging edge of a mill-dam.

A lake like Windermere, viewed even from the shore, is strangely haunting. You know that out on the broad expanse there are unplumbed depths, secret currents, and subaqueous springs and eddies, and the knowledge thrills you, half pleasurably, half fearfully.

Whirling along in the train you pass some dark, silent, alder-fringed river-pool, and the memory of it lives with you.

Once I got into conversation with a street singer—a woman whose obvious superiority to her calling attracted my attention. Ruined as a girl, deserted by lover, family, and friends, she had taken to drink and the streets. Her voice was good, and she told me she rarely made less than £2 a week. Nearly every penny of this went on brandy. The life was killing her, her voice was going rapidly, but she had no fear. "I often go down on the Embankment," she said, "and watch the water swirling by. One night I shall sing 'Home, Sweet Home' for the last time, and then the great, dark river will take me—Home."

There was no affectation about it; she meant it. The spell of deep water was over her, and for aught I know to the contrary she may already have answered its call. Certainly the waters of the river will claim her sooner or later.

But water is not always so depressing. To the practised swimmer the cool, clear green depths of a river-pool in a limestone region are a joyous invitation, while there are few more entrancing or more soothing sights than a streamlet trickling down through the verdure of a mountain-side, leaping over natural waterfalls to form tiny, gurgling pools, meandering hither and thither, a veritable Will o' the Wisp of running water.

Then how beautiful is the mountain loch or tarn when you come upon it suddenly lying still in its natural basin of rock and purple, heather-clad slopes.

Intense, too, is the spell of a river where it rushes through some narrow canon, broken into heaving rapids and hungry, sucking whirl-pools.

Exquisite is the rippling movement of water over pebbly shallows, while every angler knows the delights of casting just below the spume and froth of a waterfall.

But it is deep, silent, slow-moving water that casts the spell and is at once stimulating and profoundly restful.

J. B. GREENER.

The Economist

By F. C. HARRINGTON.

"A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."
—SHAKESPEARE, *The Winter's Tale.*

The sun of a fine early summer day had drawn out the water-carts in a Midland town, whose proud boast is that it is the cleanest town in England. Men with long brooms were sweeping the suspicions of dust from the parched pavements. Outside the hall in the middle of the market square I basked in the sun that smote on the newly stone-cleaned stone walls. I lit a cigarette, smoked it leisurely for ten minutes, then, as is my habit when the cool winds of the west make all else distasteful to my palate, I cast it away.

It did not surprise me that a shabbily-dressed man should detach himself from the loungers by the Corn Exchange wall and pick it up. It was no more than I expected of the town that doubtless objected to the clean granite setts of its market square being defiled by the stain of smouldering cigarettes.

The man—the tan of the healthy tramp was on his face—looked up as, to my surprise, he neatly cut off the tip and placed the cigarette between his lips.

"I been waitin' for you to do that, sir," he said. "I've been knockin' about here ten days now, and I'll wager you're the most extravagant man in cigarettes in the town. Anyway, nobody can keep my peepers open for ever throws with such a big bit o' cigarette as you."

"A man of observation," I commented, lazily.

"No, economiser," he corrected, puffing luxuriously at my cigarette. "Must be in these times, y' know.

"You see," he went on in explanation, "I can't afford to buy 'baccy or smokes. Don't get much of it. Don't like doin' what I do get. Now, there's frankness for you. But I ain't no tale-bearer. I'm an honest man. I honestly don't work."

It might have seemed patter to me had it not been for the somnolent playing of the western sun on the market square. But now it was midday. I could agree with that man. Even the thought of taking up a pen in the service of my occupation seemed nothing but labour on this most languorous of days.

I nodded.

"Go on," I said. "How do you manage without—"

"Not altogether," he said. "Beds have got to be paid for when you can't sleep out in a byre or under a hedge. But a day's pay at a bit o' labourin' 'll pay for a week's bed, and then the rest is easy. There ain't much you can't get for nothin' in the country, if you keep a good character, make yourself amusin' or agreeable, and economise. Why buy cigarettes when there's gents about like you chuckin' 'em away arf smoked? Why buy cigars when there's fellers like the Mayor and old Alderman Webley similarly extravagant? Of course, it wouldn't do for everyone to be on the same lay. Demand must exceed supply."

He patted his broad chest and laughed.

"Pride is what keeps 'em back," he said. "*My* pride ain't in much danger of bein' overcrowded. I'm a fool, I know. Always have been. But you think o' the chaps who sweat, an' graft, 'an worry. Life's a period of 'ard work to 'em. And we've got to end up the same. *I* can look back on what to me is a good time, and I'm no hanger-on either. I just exists on what other people chucks away. I can economise. Their extravagance 'elps my economisin'. I learnt a lot at school. They told me about ambition an' so on. It's all very fine to them as likes it. It's their line, same as studyin' economy is mine. I don't seek to clash with them.

"I 'ave been called lazy. I'm not. I can dig up a bit o' road under a corporation ganger with the best of 'em, when I'm put to it. I work to get sufficient for my needs. I've no wife, no family, no home. What more do I want?

"I like a 'arf-pint o' beer now and then, but I hain't used myself to makin' a barrel o' my body. I don't want money to keep up a 'obby o' that sort.

"There, see that bobby smilin' at me? Not another chap dressed like I am gets that from the police 'ere. It's a—my only—testimonial. 'E's a nice chap, but 'e's always gettin' me odd gardenin' and other jobs. That's all there is about 'im that don't suit me always. I like to enjoy my span of life in my own way.

"Food? Oh, the pre'istoric man 'ad to 'unt for 'is. I should for mine if it wasn't for the game laws. I should work for a few weeks and buy a gun. As it is, I fish for my food sometimes. It's a matter of taste. Some people won't eat fresh-water fish. Old ladies in the country 'oom I get to cook perch for me sometimes wonder 'ow I can eat 'em. Well, it's by trainin' my taste to economy. But there, any picnicker can eat perch. They're sweet as a nut, and me bein young an' not absolutely forbiddin'-lookin', it's a 'ard-'earted maiden of sixty wot won't add a little bit o' butter an' a crust. Roach,'owever, are an acquired taste. . . . A man like me, of course, 'as to 'ave pals. I 'ave mine, and I keep 'em by not imposin' on 'em. And the friends I have are the three sufficient to mankind."

"You're something of a philosopher?" I observed.

"No; just an economiser. You don't want any more than three friends, if you're bent on enjoying your life with the least amount of work, same as I am. My three are a 'ead waiter at the biggest hotel in the town 'ere, a manager of an up-to-date clothing store that simply will not allow old stock to remain in the shop. (But, look, what's wrong with this shirt?) And then the third is a chap what keeps a corn store. It's hobvious what uses the first two are to me. To them I am respectful, as suits an inferior in the world of graft. In one case it's the overflow of an extravagant dinner (extravagance servin' my turn again, mind you), in the other—well, I saw the clothes-shop man lookin' at my suit when 'e sent me on an errand the other day.

"But the third, old Dick Chase, is the most useful of all. Never no risk of feelin' empty while 'e keeps out of the bankruptcy court. 'E's as full of good honest value as a coom of finest 'ole oats. 'E'll let you go into 'is shop and munch coarse oatmeal free of charge till you gasp for the tuppence (which 'e'll put you in the way o' makin' by carryin' a sack or two on to 'is carts) to buy a drink and wash it down. Funny what a fascination there is about munchin' oatmeal while you sit 'avin' a little pleasant conversation with a gentleman in the cornchandlery business.

"Your 'and sort o' dips mechanically into the sack, and you flavour the repast with a few blue peas now an' then. Maize in the raw state ain't bad stuff, either, but it sticks to your teeth. 'Orse cake I've never tried yet, but rabbit food (in big penny packets) takes a lot o' lickin' in the quick-lunch way. (Add a little 'ot water, an' there you are!)

"And dog biscuits! Ah, many's the mornin' I've come into old Dick Chase's an' blessed the name o' Spratt's Puppy Biscuits or Molassine Dog Cakes! They've a nutty flavour besides bein' nourishin' to the system, an' were it not for the fancy that they are made for dogs—why, any man might prefer 'em to the little flour-an'-water bits o' Passover cake they puts on the bar counters at eleven with the American Cheddar and tries to kid you they're biscuits.

"Wonderful? Oh, no, sir. Merely a matter of economisin'. Your taste to suit your pocket. If I wanted anything in a more extravagant line I should 'ave to graft 'ard from early mornin' to late at night for six days a week—an' all to walk out in the pride o' squeaky boots on Sunday and 'ave one week's 'oliday (per'aps) per annum. . . .

"Thank you, sir. That's good of you. Your extravagance (note it once more) feeds my economy. But only a penny of this bright little bob will go in the way you suggest. As I told you, I like a 'arf-pint o' beer now and again, but I hain't used myself to makin' a barrel o' my body. It ain't economy."

A HORSE'S AGE.

HOW TO TELL IT FROM HIS TEETH.

To an expert a horse's teeth proclaim his age to within a few months, but a considerable amount of practice is necessary before one can read the signs infallibly. There is no sort of dictionary or rule of thumb which will meet every case.

A horse has two complete sets of teeth during his life, the first being known as "milk teeth," or sometimes as "temporary" or "foal" teeth, and the others as "permanent" or "horse" teeth.

The temporary tooth, which is small and white and has a distinct "neck," is gradually pushed out by the permanent tooth, which is larger and tapers gradually to the root, and is also browner in colour.

A horse's teeth, unlike a human being's, wear away with use, and it is this fact that makes it easy to discover the approximate age.

At two and a half years the central milk teeth have been displaced by the permanent ones, which in six months' time show signs of wear.

At three and a half years the teeth on either side of them (the lateral incisors) have been replaced, and at four and a half the corner permanent teeth appear, being slightly worn at five years of age.

At six all the six incisors are partly worn, but are upright and meet each other squarely.

After this time it becomes more difficult for the amateur to tell the horse's age, for only experience can show him how to tell it from the amount of wear.

The black marks in the centre of the top of the teeth become smaller and rounder until in a ten-year-old horse they are often worn away in the central teeth.

At ten years "Galvayne's mark," a depression on the outside of the corner incisors, appears, and this has grown half-way down the tooth at fifteen, and touches the bottom at twenty.

If the horse lives to thirty, this mark will have grown down until it has disappeared.

In the case of a horse there is a further guide which does not appear in a mare, for at four years old a horse develops a "tush" on each side of the jaw, an inch or more behind the corner teeth. At first these have sharp points and edges, but they become gradually worn away by age.

When buying a horse, however, it is always advisable to have him inspected by an expert, as unscrupulous dealers are very skilful in faking the teeth, by a process known as "bishoping," so as to make the animal appear younger than it is.

To examine a horse's mouth, take hold of his nose with the left hand, and insert the thumb of the right hand at the corner of his mouth on the "bars" of the lower jaw where the bit rests. You can then force his jaws apart so as to get a good view when standing in front of him.

A LESSON IN GOLF

A MONOLOGUE.

By F. C. HARTINGTON.

He was supposed to be teaching me to swing a golf club, but the reputation of the babbler was his, and I had found that he intended to live up to it.

"Yes, sir," he said. (He had tee'd my ball up and told me to hit it—a job I thought easy enough at my previous lesson, until I heard the five hundred things I had to do to accomplish this apparently most simple of feats.) "I suppose most people think a golf pro.'s life is a very easy one—(Steady on the back swing; you don't get any more force by taking it back so quick as that)—but it isn't. Specially here. Oh, the club house is all right, and in the winter the draught doesn't cut in so bad that it puts an edge on the iron clubs. The caddies aren't any worse thieves here, either, than they are on any other natural course where the big bunkers and the blind approaches are nothing but makers o' little wrong 'uns. You can leave any amount o' golf balls for remaking in the workshop if you double-lock the door.

"There! you always pull up. Keep down to the ball, sir, please. I can't teach you if you don't try a little to help me by your own efforts, you know. Leave the iron clubs in your bag. You've got the devil of a lot to learn with a driver, yet, if you'll excuse me putting it that way, sir. I'm not really bad-tempered. It's the committees that make a golf pro.'s life a misery.

"Usually practical men on the committee? Yes, so I've been told. But I haven't met 'em so far, and I've played this game for twenty years, and been a pro. on the Continent, in Germany, and away to the other side of America. And I haven't struck a chap on a committee who knew a good green when he'd got one laid out. They come up an' poke around, an' look serious, an' kneel down an' rub their red noses on the green itself, a'most a-sniffing for a suspicion of a worm cast or an insect parading across the turf. That's what committees are. They aren't out to do anything but find fault with the poor pro., sir.

"I lose my temper sometimes, an' then I tell 'em that they want their greens laid out by Burroughes and Watts with a slate bed and rubber cushions set out round 'em.

"Now, just remember what I told you this time, please, sir. It's quite easy, if you take time an' think. Stand with your right leg quite firm, a little bit forward on the toes. Keep down to the ball, have the arms comfortable, and the hands a little further down the grip. Now come up. S-s-s-h. Stop! I've only seen one man take the back swing as quick as that—an' that's George Duncan; but his style's different from every other golfer I've known in that instance, though he *does* drive a fine ball.

"You've got to get it out of your head, sir, that you're George Duncan. Then we shall get along a little bit better, perhaps. A man with your height ought to get a rare length. Now, slowly. There you are, you see!"

It was the most delightful "click," as glorious to the feel of the golfer as is the decided bite to the angler. Absolutely without any conscious output of strength on my part the ball was rising gracefully beyond a distant bunker, becoming a black speck against the blue as it dropped beyond a hazard. We sauntered on, my instructor entirely forgetful of my game again.

"Caught that right!" I said, with an excess of enthusiasm.

"Yes, you've got a straight eye. Hope if you ever get on a committee, sir, that you'll use it to be fair to whatever pro. happens to be under you. Some greens are like awkward-looking girls. You can dress 'em an' dress 'em, but they never look anything. I knew a chap who always wanted to have the greens robbed of any sport, and he'd walk round with me, markin' bumps, ten yards off the hole, to be flattened down. At least twelve of the holes on that course you could ha' played snooker pool on. But he was always grumbling. Got my rag fairly out one day.

"'There's only one hole 'll ever suit you, sir,' I said to him, 'only one that you won't find fault with, an' that'll be six foot by four an' fifteen deep—with a wreath on top subscribed for with great thankfulness by your poor devil of a pro. and his assistants.'

"Here's your ball, sir. I think you're beginning to get the hang of the game a bit now. Play easy and let the swing do it all for a bit. You can put the powder behind it when you get quite accurate at that. Look, this is the way to send 'em along.

"How is it I manage to get such a splendid ball? Why, every time I bring down my club I just kid myself that I'm going to swipe the fat head of a member of a Green Committee."

CLUB NEWS.

NOTTINGHAM.—The second smoking concert in connection with the Nottingham MODERN MAN Club was held on Thursday, May 25. It was most successful, and all present spent a very enjoyable evening. All Nottingham readers desirous of joining the club should communicate with the Hon. Secretary, Mr. R. K. Blundell, 4, The Grove, Sherwood.

MANCHESTER.—The Manchester MODERN MAN Club has recently been going in very strongly for debates, which have been very successful and entertaining. On Saturday afternoon, July 8, what the secretary describes as a "united rally" is to be held at Marple. Tickets, which will include railway fare from Manchester and a substantial tea, cost 2s. 6d. each. There will be an open-air concert and boating afterwards. All League members and readers are cordially invited, whether they are club members or not. Application for tickets should be made to the Hon. Secretary, Mr. A. S. Pellant, 9, Joule Street, Blackley, Manchester.

EDINBURGH.—For news of this club see the Editor's Notebook. The Hon. Secretary is Mr. W. A. Halliday, Edinburgh MODERN MAN Social and Athletic Club, India Building, Victoria Street, Edinburgh, to whom intending members should apply for all particulars.

TERRITORIAL TRAVELLING.

A man travelling in Territorial uniform is entitled to demand from any railway company a return ticket at the price of a single one, provided the amount of the fare is over threepence.

The point is worth mentioning, because many Territorials do not know it, and the booking-clerks naturally do not press the reduction upon them unless it is demanded.

Some railway companies will allow the reduction even to a man who is in mufti, provided he is carrying a rifle.

It would be well if similar facilities for travelling could be arranged in connection with tramcars and 'busses, for the man who is serving his country as a Territorial should be put to as little expense as possible when getting to and from his drills.

SWIMMING TRICKS.

SOME SEEMING WONDERS EXPLAINED.

Now and again we see at some music hall which makes a speciality of more or less sensational turns, performances by [illegible] swimmers who perform all manner of [illegible] mon feats in a tank of water—eating [illegible] drinking, and even smoking while submerged.

We are apt to marvel greatly at the [illegible] skill called for by these performances, [illegible] as a matter of fact they are far easier than they look.

Practically the only quality they require [illegible] ability to stay under water for a [illegible] able time. The rest of the business in most cases is done by a trick.

First of all, take the trick of smoking a cigarette or cigar under water. This is [illegible] it is done.

Puff at the "smoke"—whatever it is—[illegible] it is well alight, and take your stand at the side of the bath or on the diving-plank. Take a full breath, sinking your head as though to dive; and with a rapid movement turn the cigarette or cigar round so that the lighted end goes into your mouth. Be careful that the burning part does not touch your chin or your tongue, and don't breathe inwards.

In the water use the breast-stroke, and at each movement blow gently on the cigar or pipe, thus causing the smoke to issue from the mouthpiece-end and float up to the surface.

Turn on your side and come up when you have gone about ten yards, and on reaching the top quickly remove and turn round the cigarette or cigar. When you get back to the starting-point, and people see that the burning end has not been wetted they will wonder greatly at your remarkable skill.

Eating under water should be done [illegible] depth of about four feet. Hold in your hand a piece of cake or bread that is soft and easy to swallow.

Kneeling on the bottom of the bath so that your head is submerged, hold the cake well out of the water. Put out your right hand and break off a piece, carrying it quickly under water to your mouth. At the moment of popping it in breathe gently out to keep the water from entering your mouth.

This is a trick which calls forth much applause, but which, for obvious reasons, should not be attempted without much carefully graduated practice.

Drinking out of a bottle under water is a more or less unsatisfactory trick, because unless it is done in a tank the density of the water prevents the onlookers from following one's movements; and many of them suspect that the drink has not been swallowed at all but merely poured away. But the trick can be done quite legitimately.

A small soda-water or lemonade bottle should be half-filled with milk or some other liquid, corked with a fairly large cork, and taken under the water. Place the neck of the bottle slanting-wise between the lips and carefully draw the cork with the right hand, simultaneously putting the mouth of the bottle between your lips. Start drinking at once, and if you find you cannot easily swallow the liquid take a gentle breath outward through the nostrils, and the process will be facilitated.

Before coming to the top again, [illegible] make your trick appear more neatly [illegible] if you re-cork your bottle.

By the way, such tricks as the [illegible] will be always found fairly difficult by learners for the reason that the [illegible] deep breaths make it very hard to stay submerged at all. Professional trick-swimmers recognise this difficulty, and surmount it by wearing heavily-weighted belts which enable them to inflate their lungs to the fullest extent.

E. DRIVER.

SPECULATIVE BUILDING

AN EXPOSURE OF THE TRICKS OF THE TRADE.

In a sense any man who puts up house or shop property intending to sell or let it is a speculative builder, even if he build with his own money.

The term, however, is more truly applied to the builder who works on borrowed capital.

If all that men in the trade tell [illegible] is true, speculative building is a very poor game indeed, but probably their statements are to be taken with a grain of salt.

[illegible] there is undoubtedly a strong gambling element in speculative building, the builder being sometimes the victim of unscrupulous financiers, sometimes a party to carefully planned fraud.

Let us take the first case, and imagine A to be an ambitious foreman who has saved a bit of money. He discovers a likely piece of land in a growing neighbourhood, and decides to "speculate" out for himself and to develop the land, as the trade term goes.

First, he has to secure the freehold of the land, or at any rate, an option of purchase on it. In either case he makes a hole in his savings, and must now find someone to finance him. There is much difficulty about this, for there are plenty of financiers—of a sort—anxious to meet ambitious young builders.

HE PUTS HIS HEAD IN A NOOSE.

He arranges to borrow, say, £3,000, assigning the land in security. For this he will have to pay [illegible] interest—a crippling rate, though he does not recognise it at the time.

He does not get the £3,000 in a lump sum. He gets a little down, the rest to be paid in instalments as the work progresses.

A is a good man at his trade, but a child in finance, and he signs an agreement which, drawn by a sharp solicitor, is extremely disadvantageous to him.

He may know that he is putting his head in a noose, but, being a speculator, hope springs eternal in his breast, and he cherishes the delusion that he will manage to get free.

The financier's object is to prevent his completing his contract. This may be done in many ways.

To begin with, he is never allowed to have enough money to pay his way. He gets about 75 per cent. of what he really needs, and sooner or later he finds himself pressed for money for wages or material.

IN THE STREET.

He applies to the financier for help, and probably gets it in the shape of a loan at heavy interest, and now he is fairly in the toils. Hampered by heavy interest and lack of ready money, the builder sooner or later makes default. If the financier thinks he has done enough work, he forecloses, turns the builder out, and thus secures, say, £1,000 worth of work for a few hundred pounds.

Alternatively, the financier simply breaks his contract, knowing that the builder has no ready money with which to fight an expensive law action.

Or the builder unwittingly commits some technical breach of the insidiously worded agreement, and finds himself out in the street, his time and labour gone for nothing.

Another speculative builder is induced to finish the partially developed estate, but is never allowed to do so, being got rid of in the same way. In the end the financier completes the estate himself, and thus secures a valuable property for about half its real cost. Naturally, a builder who has once been bitten in this way is shy of being caught again, though often one lesson is not sufficient.

However, if the financier finds he has a cautious man to deal with, and if he thinks his man is open to a "deal," he suggests a little arrangement for their mutual benefit. It is practically a conspiracy to defraud the stone, timber, and other merchants who supply the builder with his materials.

It is true that at the present time it is generally easier for a commercial traveller to book orders for coal in Newcastle than for a speculative builder to get credit for his materials, but still he does get it.

At first he meets his debts, and thus establishes confidence, but when the moment is ripe he gets into difficulties. His financier has played him false (by arrangement), or he has had to borrow off the financier and can't pay. Anyway, he is in a hole. He calls his creditors together, poses as an honest, but unfortunate man, and offers them 5s. in the £1.

A NEAT CONSPIRACY.

Probably they accept, for if they don't they are likely to get nothing at all in the end.

Thus the financier and the builder get, say, £1,000 worth of material for £250.

When the affair has blown over, the financier comes along to the builder and says, "Well, I have done very nicely out of this deal; here's a couple of hundred pounds for you."

This money does not go into the builder's banking account, but into a secret hoard. Building is recommenced, a little ready money being paid; then credit is asked for again.

Strange as it may seem, the creditors who have already suffered are more likely to give credit again than strangers. They see that the buildings are nearing completion, when the builder should be able to sell his "improved" ground rents at twenty-three years' purchase, and pay up everybody.

TO PASTURES NEW.

But the estate will never be completed by that builder. At the last moment he will give the principal rascal a chance of foreclosing, and the creditors are left in the cart.

The financier secretly gives the builder another £200 or £300 to disappear, and openly denounces him as a scoundrel by whom he has been very badly treated.

Sooner or later the builder bobs up elsewhere to play the same game again in partnership with the financier.

J. W. MARTIN.

LAMPAS.

Young horses often suffer from lampas, the chief symptom of which is that the bars of the mouth swell until they are level with the edges of the teeth.

The natural result is that it hurts the horse to chew his food, and he either drops it or bolts it whole, thus upsetting his stomach.

Stop his corn, give him plenty of soft, cooling food, and a mild aperient.

About an ounce of nitre may be given three times a week in a bran mash.

Lampas is often caused by teeth trying to come through, but being unable to do so. In such cases lancing the gums will give instant relief.

A horse that has been suffering from lampas is bound to be a bit weak from want of food, so should not be put immediately into hard work again.

THE "ART" OF BOXING.

HOW IT HAS CHANGED OF RECENT YEARS.

Those among our readers who can remember boxing as it was in the palmy days of Jem Mace, or Heenan and Sayers, will doubtless agree that the change that has asserted itself not only over the spirit of the art, but over its essence as well, is enormous.

There is no denying the fact that "science" in boxing has made the most rapid strides even during the last fifteen years or so. Whereas the old-fashioned fighting man was more of a hard-hitting gladiator—a bruising machine, as it were—he is now an artist.

Look at any old picture of a famous prize-fighter. Observe his attitude. In nine cases out of ten you will find him to be standing in an almost ridiculously stiff posture, the weight possibly on the forward foot instead of the "hindmost"—if I may so express it—and the arms held rigidly upwards as though their owner were going to hit somebody above his head instead of an adversary in front of him.

The well-known drawing of the prize-fighter Crocket is a good instance of this.

Consider, on the other hand, a photograph of a clever modern boxer—an American light-weight for preference, for they are without doubt the finest possible exponents of the real "art" of boxing.

Look at his attitude. Ease, firm balance on the right foot (supposing him to be a right-handed boxer), lightness and perfect freedom of action are evident in the way he holds himself.

His arms, instead of being rigidly held to his sides, are held out easily several inches away from them. There is none of that "guarding the wind" that the old-fashioned instructors used to make so much fuss about; indeed, an untutored observer, looking at such a photograph, might almost be led to believe that he could easily hit the original in his apparently exposed stomach. But he couldn't. The guard is there all the time. The lack of rigidity in the posture is simply the modern fighter's cunning way of veiling his defence. In other words, it is the art that conceals art.

The old-fashioned fighter, too, was essentially "one-handed." He used to hit with his left and guard with his right. Beyond that he would hardly ever go. Plucky he undoubtedly was; but scientific, as the word is understood to-day, he equally certainly was not.

Even the great men of days gone by would probably put up a poor show against an undistinguished modern boxer.

The old-fashioned fighting man was inclined to put far too much trust in mere "grit" and physical strength. His modern representative is undoubtedly equally plucky and equally strong; and he has, moreover, discovered several flaws in the oldster's methods.

He does not despise a knowledge of anatomy; and the unerringness with which he selects vulnerable spots in his adversary's anatomy, whereon to plant fiendish punches and jabs, shows how profitable such a knowledge may be.

Here, again, we find another instance of the advance we have made in boxing of late years. Whereas the "old 'un" was almost always inclined to "go for the face," you will find the modern boxer display a distinct partiality for hits at the body. There are far fewer "bunged-up" eyes to be seen at the end of a boxing contest than was once the case; and yet fights are concluded—with a knock-out in most cases—in far fewer rounds than in the old days. Surely no greater demonstration is needed of the superiority of modern methods over the old.

The twentieth-century boxer, too, has made great strides in another department—training. He goes for no twenty-mile walks in four or five overcoats, "to get his fat off." He trains, rather, under scientific medical observation, and strips, as a rule, in much better condition than the old-time "lion" of the ring.

J. G. HAYWARD.

BONFIRE BUILDING.

HINTS FOR THE CORONATION DAY ILLUMINATION.

It would be difficult to over-estimate the number of bonfires that will be lighted on the night of the day on which King George is crowned.

On every beacon and hill there will be lighted fires of joy, that will flare up into the summer night's mitigated darkness, and encircle the country with a flame of rejoicing. It is interesting to think how many people will thus be brought into a kind of direct communication through the darkness; for from Land's End to John o' Groats there will surely be no space across which the signal will not be given.

If these signal fires are to be a success there must be more than ordinary care and provision made in constructing the bonfire pile. Indeed, failure will inevitably result unless a large number of points are taken into consideration.

The situation of a bonfire, provided that it is fairly high, and not immediately overshadowed by any near object, is a comparatively simple matter. A hill that gives a good long view is the ideal spot, though a very high hill need not necessarily be chosen, since the getting of the materials up to the place is a task that may give considerable trouble.

The two chief points to be considered are the form of the bonfire and the materials of which it is made.

Taking the second matter first—the question of materials—it is, of course, useless to expect ordinary rubbish that goes on the garden bonfire to be used on this occasion.

What is wanted is some material that will burn, and burn brightly, for something like a couple of hours. It would be useless, again, merely to pile dry branches and leaves in a heap and to expect them to burn for this length of time.

The ideal material for the main substance of the pile is peat, or some form of turf that is not too heavy, earthy, and wet. The peat should be built up like open brickwork—that is to say, not in a solid mass, but with alternate openings. This ensures a good supply of air and a good draught to all parts of the fire at the same time.

The walls should be thoroughly saturated with some inflammable oil. This should not merely be dashed on at the last moment, but it should have a chance of soaking thoroughly through and through the peat and other materials. In this way the fire will burn steadily with a big flame, and will not be merely a series of occasional brilliant outbursts.

It is advisable to keep a considerable distance—not less than, say, fifty yards—from a big bonfire, on the leeward side. The flames shoot out many feet when there is much wind, and serious injury may be suffered by spectators in a second, before they have any chance of escape.

The bonfire must have a central flue; that is to say, a chimney right down the middle of the pile. This can be allowed for by building the mass round a collection of half a dozen stout poles.

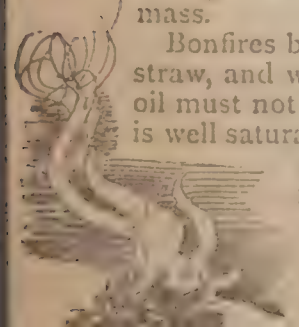
Along the ground, running from the circumference to this central flue, there should also be two or three or even four tunnels roughly constructed of brick, or slabs of stone on brick supports, to ensure a strong and sufficient supply of air to the central flue.

The pile must have a strong centre support and be firmly built, for if it collapses after the first quarter of an hour or so it is impossible to restore it.

At intervals up the walls of the main pile lighter material, such as fir and larch branches, may be inserted in layers, to give lightness and air to the interior of the mass and to prevent the peat from falling in and forming a smoking, half-suffocated mass.

Bonfires built in this way will burn to the last straw, and will give out a considerable flare. The oil must not be stinted, of course, but if the mass is well saturated before lighting there will be little need to run dangerous risks by throwing oil upon the flames.

J. PORTMAN.



MY NOTEBOOK.

COLONIAL VISITORS.

At the present time, owing to the Coronation, there are in London very many Colonial visitors, both men and women, and they are interesting. They bring with them an atmosphere of wide spaces and country life; but they have extraordinary ideas in the matter of dressing.

I know very little about women's clothes, except that I can form a fairly shrewd opinion as to when a woman dresses well—that is to say, when she dresses in a manner that suits her.

Sometimes when I have been talking about one woman to another I have been asked what she was wearing. My usual reply under such circumstances is that she was wearing a box-pleat, a flounce, a fichu, and a tuck—these are the only terms of feminine toilette with which I am acquainted. I am lamentably ignorant in the matter of feminine fashion; but, like most other men, I know in a general way when a girl looks nice.

The feminine contingent of our Colonial visitors never seem to look nice. Their faces are sun-tanned, and they walk with long strides which are more utilitarian than graceful.

They garb themselves in what the modistes of Melbourne, or Cape Town, or Toronto have probably described to them as being the latest British fashions, and they wear their clothes with about as much grace as a man might do.

MAN AND WIFE.

The other day, during the luncheon hour, there sat at the next table to mine an obvious Colonial and his wife.

She was wearing a dark dress—I am not sure whether it was dark blue or black. I believe that I am wrong in calling it a dress, for on after-thoughts I am inclined to think that it should be described as a costume. Anyhow, the jacket part of it had long lapels, which were of a brilliant check of white and black spots, and she had had the lot edged with an inch-wide stripe of red.

She was wearing a pearl necklace of great beauty and much value, and obviously she was a woman who could well afford to dress as fashion demanded, but in that restaurant she was hopelessly out of place. She looked more like a man dressed up in woman's clothes than anything else.

London women were passing to and fro, dressed sensibly and tastefully, and yet I dare to wager that their clothes cost not more than a tenth of what she had paid for her outfit.

The man who was with her was a typical Colonial—clean-shaven, hard-lipped, bronzed.

He was reading what appeared to be a twelve-page letter on very thin foreign paper, and one could well imagine it to be a report from the manager of his sheep-run.

He was wearing a very light suit, almost white, and when he got up to leave I noticed that he also was wearing black boots and a black bowler hat, and that in place of the usual walking-stick he was carrying a riding-whip.

He was Colonial all over, as also was his wife. Their fashions and their tastes were not ours, but yet I could not help tacitly wishing him the best of good luck—and her also—for there was something so eminently healthy about the pair of them.

CLUB ENTERPRISE.

To make a club successful, just as to make a business successful, you must have a certain amount of enterprise and initiative, and must possess the faculty of overcoming what at first appeared to be adverse circumstances.

I was sorry to receive from the secretary of one MODERN MAN Club a letter saying that the club premises will be closed during the summer months, as most of the members also belong to various outside athletic clubs, and that during the summer they will be devoting their time to these.

It is pleasant to find that one of our [illegible] clubs not only faces the summer months with equanimity, but turns the good weather to advantage. I refer to the Edinburgh MODERN MAN Social and Athletic Club.

In connection with this club a camp has been established at Hailes, about five miles out of Edinburgh, and it has proved most successful.

"We have," writes the secretary, "also started a cricket club. All these side-lines of ours are, of course, self-supporting, and I have an assistant secretary attending to each of them."

A member of the club writes:

"Enclosed you will find photos of our [illegible]. We started on the 6th inst., and most of us stay there the whole week round. In fact, it has become my home.

"We have a swim every morning in the river, which is about fifty yards to the left of the camp."

As to the delights of sleeping under canvas in the hot weather, I need not enlarge upon them, as so many of my readers have enjoyed the experience; and I congratulate the officials of the club on their enterprise in thus arranging for the comfort and pleasure of the members. And it is all done on a [illegible] and business-like basis.

Does anyone know why it is that so many heads of so many big businesses in London are Scotsmen?

CANADIAN LIFE.

"Two months ago," writes a reader in Canada, "I left old England to try my luck here, and while I have not been here long enough to decide whether I really like the country or not, I have, at any rate, had a good time up to date.

"I am working on a farm, right in the heart of the Manitoba prairie.

"By the way, whilst crossing the Atlantic I met a fellow-member of the League from Leicester. We saw one another's badges, and, of course, had a good time together during the voyage.

"He has gone to Toronto, and we are corresponding.

"I have been going to write to you [illegible] since I arrived here, but when one has to start work at four in the morning and does not finish till nine or ten in the evening one has not much time for anything else.

"Just at present, however, I have too much time on my hands. I am in the middle of taking some two dozen cows to a cattle-ranch for the summer, and I did about five of the fifteen miles when a blooming snowstorm set in.

"It got so bad that it was impossible to go any further, so I drove the cattle into a farm, and am putting up here until the storm goes away.

"Already I have been stranded here two days.

"The most horrible thing of the lot is that I am running short of tobacco. What I shall do when this goes, Heaven knows, I don't."

His letter is dated May 5. A country which has snowstorms so late as that, and where a man apparently, in some circumstances at least, has to work from four in the morning till nine or ten in the evening, is not the Paradise that some would have us believe.

And yet my reader seems quite happy. After all, there is nothing to beat an outdoor life.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand.

STRANGERS, BUT PALS.

A STUDY IN HUMAN NATURE.

[illegible] amount of competition in business or [illegible] seems likely seriously to alter some [illegible] of human nature. There are some [illegible] who will tell us that between man and [illegible] there is nowadays nothing but rivalry. [illegible] not believe these dismal prophets, these [illegible]ves and Gradgrinds. It will always be [illegible] that there are more matters on which [illegible] can work together than about which [illegible] is rivalry and jealousy.

[illegible] every average man's composition there [illegible] substantial balance on the right side [illegible]n tends to make him clubbable, human, [illegible]d fairly easy to get on with.

[illegible]The out-and-out curmudgeon is very rare [illegible]d, if in existence at all. When you do [illegible]ross him, you may be sure he is [illegible] from choice; that once upon a time he [illegible] pleasant fellow with a balance on the [illegible] his moral accounts.

[illegible] a sensitive nature acted on by a [illegible]sh wife, badgered by a horde of chil[illegible] and worried by the pin-pricks all are [illegible]ect to and some succumb to, have per[illegible]aps given him his permanent gloom and [illegible]touchiness. Anything will do it, with time [illegible] from a corn to an unsympathetic employer, [illegible] to say nothing of a bad digestion.

[illegible]It is the easiest thing in the world to lose [illegible] in human nature; in the general average [illegible] of decent, inherent goodness in one's [illegible]ow-men.

[illegible]ut then, it is very easy to regain that [illegible]. Here, again, anything will do it. I [illegible]ose that ever since they began to club [illegible] from behind thick bushes or in [illegible] men have dimly realised through all [illegible]eir warfare, salvary. And compensation that [illegible] the prospect of marrying up against [illegible] are brought in the world they [illegible] defendeth upon each other and [illegible] for ever alone.

[illegible] is hard to find a reason[illegible]ed for that bedrock goodness of heart [illegible] really is in the make-up of nine hun[illegible] and ninety-nine men in every thousand. [illegible]Here is a simple test of that fact, and a [illegible] of it as well. Perhaps you are just [illegible] of it all." You have had a lot of [illegible] people are "getting on your nerves," [illegible]u think that there's nothing in the [illegible] business but worry, worry, worry. [illegible] so, in very deed you get away from [illegible] go to the seaside, or the other end of the [illegible]own, with your ill-humour at mankind in [illegible]eneral heavy upon you.

[illegible] of the first things you do is to get lost, [illegible]though this only lately seemed one of [illegible]st desirable things that could happen to [illegible] nevertheless you take steps immediately [illegible] find yourself again.

[illegible]In an instant your view of human nature [illegible]has changed, or rather it had never really [illegible]en in the first instance.

[illegible]There are you, lost in the midst of perhaps [illegible] million people, all of whom, but half [illegible]dozen, were intolerable nuisances; [illegible]who were fighting hard against you [illegible]own hard.

[illegible] stand and select a possibly good[illegible] one from the passing throng. No. The [illegible]clerk, bobby, dustman, or shop-girl. [illegible]And you were not in the least surprised [illegible]when the selected one out of this multitude [illegible] enemies" was as cordial as could be [illegible] went out of his or her way to be of [illegible]service to you.

[illegible] you really had never doubted [illegible]ndliness of human nature. You [illegible] one of the millions around you [illegible] done just as much for you, and [illegible] things.

E. A. WARRINGTON.

PRACTICAL.

They had been out for a walk together, and for a moment they left the dusty road, and rested upon a stile.

One was a man with long hair and dreamy eyes, the other was a man with a short nose and a good pugnacious jaw.

"What," said the poetic person, as he gazed over the spreading landscape, "could be rarer than an evening in June?"

"An evening in February is just a trifle rarer," said the practical person, "because there are only twenty-eight of them."

CLOTHES AND THE MAN.

"Clothes," said the first clubman, "don't make a man."

"I don't know about that," replied the other, who happened to be a lawyer. "It was a good suit that was the making of me."

ALARM.

It was at the Territorial camp, and the "orderly dog" was making his weary round. Being the youngest subaltern, he was doing it very conscientiously.

"Have you seen anything suspicious, sentry?" he asked, as he approached the man who was guarding the main entrance to the camp.

"Yes, sir, I have," said the sentry.

"What was it?" asked the orderly officer.

"I've just seen a dead horse being taken into camp, sir, and I'm very suspicious about what sort of joint we'll have for dinner to-morrow."

TURNED DOWN.

"I'm sorry," said the manager to the would-be music-hall artiste at the weekly trial. "I'd give you an engagement, but we don't allow any bad language in this hall."

"You can't have been listening, sir," said the would-be artiste. "I didn't use a single bad or even suggestive word."

"No," said the manager, "you didn't, but the audience would when they heard you sing."

JEWS AND RACING.

WHY THEY GO IN FOR IT.

Racing is pre-eminently the Jew's sport, and this not merely because of the money to be made at it.

Let me say at once that I have a considerable admiration for the Jew as a sportsman.

Of course you meet bad sportsmen among Jews just as you do among Christians, but a high-class Jew is, as a rule, a gentleman and a right good sportsman.

The Jew shines at racing because it is a game which calls for those qualities of judgment, patience, acumen, knowledge of human nature, and cautious audacity, which the Jewish race possess in such a marked degree.

The Jew is a born speculator, but he never loses control of himself.

While there are Jews on our Turf whom we could do without, there are others who have nothing to fear from comparison with the best of our sportsmen.

Outside racing, however, the Jew does not greatly shine as a sportsman, or certainly not as an athlete.

There have been, and there are, of course, famous Hebrew boxers, but I cannot think of any great Jewish cricketer, footballer, oarsman, or runner.

I do not think this is due to any want of pluck or sporting spirit in the Jew.

So far as amateur sport is concerned, I think the Jew's want of success is explained by the fact that no matter how rich his parents may be the young Jew goes into business as a matter of course on leaving school, and sticks to it.

The well-born young Englishman is apt to spend the best years of his life in attaining great skill at a game, but it is not in Jewish nature to do that.

In regard to professional sport, the Jew avoids it, I think, because, outside boxing, there is not enough money in it for him.

I believe the thoroughbred Jew is as good a sportsman and as good a fighting man as he was in the days of the Lion of Judah, but he restrains his sporting instincts until he has assured his position, and then takes to racing or golf as sports suited to his middle age.

W. STRUDWICK.

LONG-JUMPING.

In long-jumping the main secret is to find out the length of run which best suits you, and to stick to it. Also to rise high in the air—forty-five degrees is the ideal angle—and to shoot the legs forward as you land. To do so without toppling backwards requires incessant practice. Exercises for the abdominal muscles are very useful for long jumpers, as it is by contracting these that the body is brought over at the moment of landing.

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RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT.

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

TIME AND PHYSICAL CULTURE.

There are some people who appear to believe that when they buy a book on physical culture, or when they invest money upon a course of special tuition, they have the right to expect immediate improvement in their muscular development. They pay their price, and they expect an immediate result.

You pay down a couple of sovereigns for a watch, and you take it away with you in your pocket, and possibly the fact that money is paid down leads these people to expect that they will receive big muscles just as they do the watch.

It is hardly necessary to point out the fallacy of their argument.

In physical culture the pupil has to do far more than the teacher. He has to give his mind to the matter, and he has to work hard and regularly, for if he does not do so he will not receive any benefit from the best teacher in the world.

On the other hand, there are many men who suppose that to obtain physical fitness it will be necessary for them to devote a great deal of time to exercise. Such is not the case. Ten or fifteen minutes spent upon scientific exercises every morning and every evening will give a man good muscles and good health. If he can back-up these exercises by taking part in some interesting outdoor sport, so much the better.

Regularity is the most important thing. It is no use merely doing the exercises when the fancy happens to seize you. They must be done every morning and every evening, or at least every morning *or* every evening.

A RESISTANCE EXERCISE FOR THE ARMS.

This exercise is one which can be practised not only when you are stripped for your morning or evening exercise, but at any moment of the day. Its effects are limited entirely to the arms, but on these it will have a most beneficial effect.

Stand erect and clasp the hands with the arms bent, so that the thumbs are against the chest. The fingers must be interlocked, and the palms together.

Both arms must be exerted to the full.

Now, by exerting the left arm, press the right over as shown in the sketch, and at the same time exert the right arm to oppose this pressure.

In order to bring the full power to bear, the left elbow will have to be raised until the pressure on the right hand is almost a downward one.

When the right forearm has been pressed over as far as it will go, relax the pressure gently, and repeat the movements with the right arm pressing against the left.

All the arm muscles will be brought into play by this exercise, especially the triceps and the muscles of the forearm, while if a proper resistance is put up, the wrists will be greatly developed.

The exercise should be practised about half a dozen times in either direction.

A HOBBY FOR THE PHYSICAL CULTURIST.

Many a man who is keen to increase the size of his muscles and to obtain a good symmetrical development, finds ordinary physical exercises too uninteresting to hold his attention for long.

To such a man the best advice I can give is to take to carpentry as a hobby. By this means he will be able to occupy his mind while at the same time exercising his muscles in the most practical way.

Carpentering is essentially a man's hobby, and if the first products of the amateur are not exactly finished works of art, it is pleasant to realise that in the production of them he has probably experienced great physical benefit.

Sawing, for instance, is as good an exercise for the back and arm as any that can be devised by the physical culture expert.

The use of the hammer, especially if it be a heavy one, has an excellent effect on the forearm muscles and strengthens the grip.

Planing develops the arms and chest in a wonderful manner. It is especially useful to the runner, for it gives a free action of the arms, and incidentally strengthens the legs by the constant movement backwards and forwards.

Of course, like the ordinary physical exercise, the work, to be of any use, must be done with a will and vigorously. But a man is much more likely to do this when he is carpentering, for his mind is concentrated rather on the work than on the acquiring of big muscles.

A NECK DEVELOPER.

This exercise is by no means an easy one, and demands a good deal of grit in the practising of it.

Lie at full length on your back, either on a bed (which must not have a spring mattress) or on the floor.

Draw up the legs until they are in the position illustrated, with the feet well separated. Bend the arms at the elbows, so that the forearms point upwards, with the fists lightly clenched.

Now raise the body from the floor until it is supported only by the head and the feet.

An exercise involving considerable strain.

To do this at all it will be necessary to arch the neck before beginning, so that as nearly as possible the top of the head, and not the back, is touching the floor or the cushion.

Then the body should be raised slowly until the weight is divided between the legs and the shoulders, the arms still remaining bent and the elbows raised from the floor.

Finally, the shoulders are lifted from the floor, the neck being still further arched, and the body curved upwards as much as possible.

At first it will not be possible for the man who has not well-developed abdominal and neck muscles to support the strain of this position for more than a few seconds; but with practice and development it becomes easier.

The raising and lowering of the body in this way should be practised three or four times each day, but unless the exercise can be performed without undue strain, it is best left alone.

The muscles of the abdomen, neck and thighs are those principally benefited by these movements.

CARE OF THE FEET.

I do not believe in indoor exercise only for the man who desires the best form of physical development. I have always advocated a certain amount of outdoor exercise in conjunction with the special exercises I have recommended, and one of the best outdoor exercises is walking. It, more than any other exercise, produces stamina and lasting-power.

To many men walking has ceased to be a recreation, and has become a task during the weather that we have been experiencing, and this has chiefly been because those concerned have not paid sufficient attention to their feet.

In the daily bath, which I trust that everyone interested in his body takes, the feet are certainly cleansed, but this is not enough if you are going to put them to special service.

Many kinds of foot powder are sold, and it is not a bad plan to powder the feet and the insides of the socks if you are going to do a moderate amount of walking during the day. But if you are going to have a really long walk in hot weather the best thing is to adopt the old soldier's plan of soaping the soles of your feet, and also those of soaping the inside of your socks. This will prevent blisters.

Another tip is to keep your toe nails very short so that there will be no danger of one nail cutting the neighbouring toe.

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A TIME TO ENJOY THE FRESHNESS OF THE NEW EARTH.

... when the first few weeks of steaming ... heat have put thoughts of "winter and ... weather" far behind us, and has set the ... going at express speed towards high ... that the nights begin to take on ... here of mystery and delight.

... year, and all that grows with it, is still ... taking Spring as its beginning. The land ... yet drained of all moisture. Hedges have ... reached their fulness of foliage, and the ... attering motor-car has not yet left its ... trail of dust and fumes on all that grows ... many yards of every roadside.

... lied, the land is a glory to behold, and ... ved in the luxury of heat that has none ... servating, drugging qualities of the late ... er breathless days of August.

... gh no breath may stir the first June nights, ... refreshing fragrance from a new earth to ... senses keen and the mind free from the ... sleepiness that comes with the waning of ... ner.

THE WORLD.

... more truly than the brilliant days, the ... of June are rich with a strange beauty. ... hardly seems to sleep in these soft, still, ... s, and save for the hush that follows ... the day's singers—some thrush on a ... ough—and then gives place to a new ... a new world of living creatures, there is ... a time when the wild may be said to rest. ... loses with a grand chorus from innumera... singers. So long as the sun makes a ... haze through the thin new leaves the songs ... from every tree and bush. Later, when he ... —a round, red, slow-moving ball—into ... ple banks of haze, single voices in the choir ... to stand out above the rest. Every minute ... the number. Distant objects grow in... the interior of the wood becomes an ... territory, and such darkness as falls finds ... feature of the landscape just changed from ... iar aspect to some strange and uncertain ...

DAY AND NIGHT.

... one can hear a single voice in the trees. ... also stops; and, if you are watching ... you will see the bird—either thrush or ... for a certainty—take a header from its ... down into the thicker woods, disappearing ... ght.

... for a time, as if by common consent, ... a sound breaks the first hush that follows ... 's ceaseless music and that precedes the ... mysterious, modulated orchestra of the ...

... for long do the wild creatures observe this ... Sounds of wings beating the air make you ... up involuntarily, forgetting that you will see ... You listen, and a slithering splash in the ... hidden in the trees tells you that the ducks ... come from their lonelier daylight retreats. ... they are neither mysterious nor musical.

NIGHTFUL SOUND.

... ng intently you will hear afar off the ... and wailing notes of a brown owl. In... mournful this cry sounds, as of some grief ... ever can be assuaged. No other bird note ... know has so much of the human expression ... It sounds appropriate to the shades and ... of the lofty elms and the deep recesses ... forest.

... ning moon calls many other creatures forth. From the little white gate leading to the roadway you can watch rabbits emerge from the runs through the hedges and congregate upon the road. What is it that fascinates these creatures, I wonder, in an ordinary country road? No cyclist can have travelled a mile on a June night without scattering them on either side.

Strangest of all the sounds of night is the alternating, purring voice of the night-jar. Unseen, except as a sudden dusky passing glimpse in the moonl ght, this wary bird will softly whirr out its music all night long, keeping up a kind of strange, but appropriate, accompaniment to the slow passing of the hours.

THE SHARD-BORNE BEETLE.

At your feet a beetle clicks open its stiff scales, spreads its gauzy wings and sets sail into the night with a pleasing, droning hum, on some adventure that you know nothing about.

Then, when you have accustomed your ears to catch sounds both far and near, you will be lucky if you hear the first clear, piercing whistle of the nightingale as it begins its hours' long song. Trace it to its copse if you can; listen long and transfixed to the passion, the ring, the volume, the strength, the unwearying continuance, the mystery of its song, and feel what you will feel, and save me from the utter foolishness of attempting to express the wonder and the beauty of it.

Then walk home, and before you go to bed take down your Keats, and by the open window, under the shaded lamp, read the "Ode to a Nightingale."

. . . . "Thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?"

JUNE MOONS.

Even the moon has a quality that seldom seems to last beyond the early summer nights. In winter it is white and clear, and dazzling and cold and far away. In late summer and autumn it is large and clear, and yellow and round as befits a harvest moon.

But now in early summer it seems lightly to dust the earth with a golden haze, making all things glow as if through mist.

Along the hedges and the bordering grass the glow-worms shine in the dark shadows, making a faint pale phosphorescent radiance close around them in the grass.

Sometimes, so rich and soft is the moonlight, birds of the day break out into song for a spell, and then subside again to await the dawn.

Sound travels far in these still nights, and perfumes drift from garden bed and orchard upon the lightest airs that move.

And when at last you go into the house, the air has cooled, and a faint layer of mist has risen above the open fields. Perhaps before sunrise the whole land will be wrapped in white.

C. EASTON-GREY.

EXERCISE WHEN UNFIT.

Sometimes you get home of an evening feeling done up with the day's work.

You feel that the sooner you get to bed the better, but some demand in the way of exercise is made upon you. You know that you ought to dig up that untidy border in the garden, or you have promised to turn up at a cross-country run.

Reluctantly you change your clothes and get to work, and presently you sweat, and then, to your surprise, the weariness of the day has vanished, for with the sweat and the open air there comes a fresh lease of energy.

USING A LIFE-BELT.

When a life-belt is thrown to a man who is struggling in the water, he will, if he does not know how to put it on, snatch at one side of it, with the result that that side will go under water, along with his head.

The right way to put on a life-belt is to catch it evenly by the opposite sides, and to raise yourself gently through it, until it rests under your armpits.

On no account should you attempt to push your body higher than that through the belt, for if you push yourself upwards until the centre of gravity is above the surface of the water, you will topple over, and your head and shoulders will be submerged, while your feet will stick through the belt up into the air.

ONE-PLACE PEOPLE.

The "oldest inhabitant" who has never gone beyond the boundaries of his parish, who has never spent a night away from his little thatched cottage, who has never seen a railway train, let alone travelled in one, and who, in short, has never done any of the thousands of things that fall to the lot of ordinary busy mortals, is by no means so rare as one might expect.

True, now and again a newspaper discovers some such being, and makes the most of him—which is usually ten lines of print—for its own base and banal purposes, but every old man famous in his village for his life of negation is not thus celebrated.

There are varied ways to happiness, and this one is by no means the least.

To have kept for ever apart from the hurry and scurry, to have confined one's excitements to the growing of the largest onions in the village allotments, to have had the reputation for driving the straightest furrow—these are distractions enough for many a villager, even in 1911.

BORNE ON THE WIND.

Past and present are strangely linked together by casual and unexpected incidents. It is notorious that the sense of smell is in some mysterious way the master key by which the locked doors of memory are opened.

The dim forgotten incident, the atmosphere of a bygone period. The very feelings that were predominant on any fixed occasion—these and other hitherto lost impressions come back with a vividness and a suddenness that are miraculous almost, suddenly fanned into the sphere of one's recollection by a passing scent borne on the wind.

Summer, of all periods, is the time when these sensuous links with days of long ago are most frequent and most delicious.

In the lives of most men there has been a period in which there was no such thing as care, when all life was rose-coloured. This time, in the case of many, was happily associated with the open-air and a country life, and perhaps this is why, whenever a faint fragrance of some flower, or a breath from a pine wood floats past us, our minds fly back, and for a second we live again the time of times.

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The Modern Spirit

A SKETCH.

By S. MORSE-CHAPLIN.

I was crossing the Horse Guards' Parade. The day was Sunday, the time afternoon, and the weather delightful. For two hours I had been sitting in St. James's Park, blissfully enjoying a summerlike spring day.

The mantle of blissfulness was still enfolding me as I crossed the Parade. I felt in the mood to be charitable to all men.

A voice broke in on my meditations—a shrill, small voice from somewhere in the vicinity of my left elbow.

"Gi' me some money," it said.

I looked down.

A little girl of about five years of age, with straight flaxen hair, china-blue eyes, and a wooden expression, was staring up at me. Her pinafore, probably a clean one not so very long ago, heaved with the exertion of recent running.

I said, "Eh?"

"Gi' me some money," she reiterated.

It was not a request, it was a command. She spoke as one demanding a right.

Now, I am not an ungenerous man. I am accustomed to children importuning for coppers, and I generally give. It is a cheap way of purchasing an enhanced self-esteem.

But there are certain methods of asking which the petitioner should respect, if the donor is to enjoy his just reward. They may be summarised as the Pleading, the Engaging, and the Mute.

The Pleading usually run at one's side, stating their need in husky whispers. They are undeterred by silence and impervious to rebuke. They do not smile, they exhibit no liveliness except in their feet, and they vanish thankless with success. These afford one but meagre satisfaction.

But the Engaging compensate. The Engaging multiply eagerness by joy, and dance at the exultant total. There is a little girl who knows my habits and contrives to meet me about three times a week. She plants herself in my path and just stands there and smiles—impudent with the knowledge of conquering prettiness. I am as wax in her hands.

And the Mute. The Mute sit silently on doorsteps, or stand forlornly in the gutter, looking at one—puny, wan-faced urchins who do not know that they ask, and are rather wondering and frightened when they receive. And one feels a secret shame when giving to these.

* * * * * * *

But certainly the child before me was slave to none of such methods. She relied not on appeal, and of personal bewitchment she was void. But she was bent on acquiring what she deemed legitimately her own.

"Gi' me some money," she commanded. Her grimy little hand was thrust upward with a growing impatience.

I said, "Ask properly."

"Want some money," she insisted.

"What for?"

"Buy sweets wiv."

Baffled, I sought pretext for refusal. There were relics of recent chocolate about her mouth and chin.

"You've had enough already," said I.

"Ain't 'ad none," she retorted.

"That is a wicked, unprincipled story," said I. I slid a hand reluctantly into my pocket.

"Want two," she informed me.

I gazed about deliberately. There was no other child visible expectantly watching our movements.

"Greedy as well as untruthful," said I.

"Want *two*," she repeated, with great emphasis.

"You'll get nothing, if you're not careful," said I, warningly.

She paid no heed, but fastened her eyes on my hands as I turned over the coins.

"Want *two*," she reminded me.

"You'll be satisfied with one or go without," said I.

"Want *two*," she said again, unmoved.

I suspended operations and looked at her. She continued to watch my hands. There were a number of pennies, but I searched determinedly for something less. She was silent now, sure that she had won.

I found a ha'penny and held it in tight fingers before her eyes.

"Say 'Thank you,'" I ordered.

She said "Thank you," with her wooden expression unchanged. I had hoped for some show of disappointment, but she robbed me of that revenge. I gave her the coin. She immediately ran away.

Now, which was the victor, she or I? I had given her less than she asked for, but she succeeded in leaving me exasperated. I had lost my peace of mind, I had proved lacking in generosity. Yet if she had gone to work in a different way. . . . Or if I had given her two farthings. . . .

* * * * * * *

I perceive that she will make an ardent Suffragette some day. Or perhaps she will become a Socialist.

Or perhaps both.

PUNCTURE MENDING.

When mending a puncture, always run your thumb gently round the inside of the cover, in order to locate the thorn or tack which has caused the puncture; otherwise, if you replace the mended tube and blow it up, the thorn will pierce it again and make a fresh hole.

Draw your thumb round the inside of the cover very slowly, so as to avoid getting your skin torn. You can get a very nasty cut if you are careless, particularly if the cause of the puncture has been a sharp piece of glass.

WHY MEN GAMBLE.

Those who are opposed to horse-racing and other forms of gambling say that men gamble because they are the victims of greed, and that they want to enjoy money that they have never earned.

This is a half-truth.

Gambling might almost be called a primal instinct, and even those who are most strongly opposed to horse-racing, cards, and so forth, gamble unconsciously in one way or another in the course of their business.

When a tradesmen buys a large stock in the hope that this type of article will be popular, he is gambling on the public taste. When a man takes up a profession, he is gambling on the supposition that that profession will remain as profitable as it is to-day, or become even more so in the future.

Men who are so wealthy that the money they make at gambling is in itself useless to them, still continue to gamble because the very doubtfulness of success gives it an added charm.

Possibly we should not gamble, but we do it, and it appears that the explanation of our wickedness is just human nature.

MODERN MAN CIGARETTES.

Edinburgh readers can obtain the MODERN MAN tobacco and cigarettes from Mr. W. A. Halliday, tobacconist and newsagent, 2, Hope Park Crescent, Edinburgh.

A DAY AT NEWMARKET.

AND SOME THINGS IT TEACHES US.

Ever since the days when the devotion shown to Newmarket by the Merry Monarch, Charles II., had the result of giving one of its courses the name of the "Rowley Mile," the name of the "headquarters" of the sport of kings has been pregnant with significance and sporting glamour to countless thousands of Englishmen.

And we propose to take a day at Newmarket, in spirit if not in body, and to let our "mind's eye" linger lovingly on the scenes and sights that are so instinct with the breath of racing.

This is not one of the red-letter days in the life of the town when a race-meeting is attracting crowds from all over the country. It is Newmarket as it normally is that we want to see.

If we were lucky, we would be mounted on hacks for our ramble round the hallowed spots of dead and living racing men; but we must perforce be content with a lowlier mount—"Shanks's mare."

Our starting-point is the bottom of the High Street, not far from the Clock Tower, given to Newmarket by a trainer called Blanton, who at one time had charge of Robert the Devil.

On our left, as we proceed on our way, is an irregular expanse of turf, "The Severals," mellowed by the hoofs of scores of equine patricians, on which now—it is about eight o'clock—a long string of horses is walking round, each of them marked in some gaudy cloth, indicative of his owner's colours.

We must confess to an entire ignorance of the identity of these horses; but a scattered sprinkling of alert-looking men on the other side of the ropes is wiser than we. They are "touts," horse-watchers in the employ, most of them, of the various racing papers, and the eye they have for a horse is wonderful—a characteristic which is all the more to be envied when you consider the large number of yearling colts and fillies which they have to note and remember at the beginning of the season.

And now we are on the Heath, with a number of horses that came out some ... ago from the gates of a handsome house ... How delightful to the horse-lover's eye is the ... in which they move!

A little man beside us, whom we had not noticed before, turns to us with quiet enthusiasm. Then ...

"Good 'uns, 'eh?" he observes. "'Ere! ..." permits a mild burst of excitement. ... the way that chestnut gets away from him! 'E'll win some races afore long!" And we leave him apparently making mental notes.

In passing, we may make it clear that "getting away from himself" is Newmarket for the way in which a good mover reaches out with a long loping stride.

See that bay filly over there? Showing temper eh? But the diminutive urchin in the saddle doesn't care a rap. He sits as tight as a limpet, rewarding her bucks and semi-circular swings with a lusty kick in the ribs, and follows these up with more and more until the irate four-legged lady gives in and follows on in her place in the string.

Who's this cantering up on a neat hack? Surely we know the face! Of *course!* It's Sammy ..., the jockey whose face is familiar on every race-course in England. And we are not a little fluttered with pride when he gives us a cheery "Good morning!" in passing.

He doesn't know us; but he is observing ... Newmarket custom—and a very graceful one, too. He has a young brother riding in a string not far off, and as he stops to look on, we venture to observe that the youngster is riding well.

"Yes," says the famous jockey, genially. "... do well in time. He's the only boy I know who doesn't want to go faster than his horse. Like this"—and he leans at an angle over his horse's neck.

And pondering over his wisdom we stroll home to lunch, promising ourselves another pleasant ramble in the afternoon.

R. S. ...

ARMY SCHOOLMASTERS.

THEIR PAY AND PROSPECTS.

Army schoolmasters exist partly for the benefit of the soldier, partly for the benefit of his children.

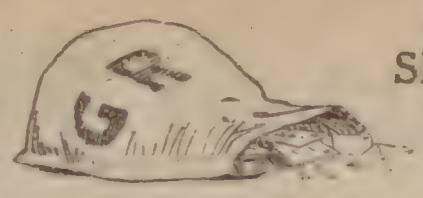
The soldier who wishes to climb the ladder of promotion must pass certain standards of education and is entitled to free instruction at an Army school. His children also have the right to free education, and attendance at an Army school is compulsory on them, unless their parents have them educated elsewhere.

At first sight the pay of the Army schoolmaster is not lavish. As a schoolmaster on probation he gets 2s. 6d. a day, 4s. a day on being confirmed in his appointment, and thereafter he rises by yearly increases of 6d. a day to a maximum of 5s. a day.

It must be remembered, however, that he has great security of tenure, while there is a pension of 5s. a day to look forward to after thirty years' service, whereas very few civilian schoolmasters get any pension at all. When a civilian dominie does exceptionally get a pension, he has usually had to contribute to it out of a pretty meagre "screw." Further, the Army schoolmaster has always the chance of becoming an Inspector of Army Schools. As such he holds the King's commission, may be granted honorary rank as lieutenant, captain, or major, with pay commencing at 10s. 6d. a day and rising to 16s. 6d.

An Inspector of Army Schools is retired compulsorily at the age of 55, or as soon thereafter as he completes thirty years' total service. With a pension of £200 a year, however, he need have no anxiety as to his old age.

G. WRIGHT.



POSTMEN SPORTSMEN.

A WELL-DESERVED TRIBUTE.

Postmen are usually keen and good sportsmen, though their opportunities for sport and recreation are necessarily limited, at least in the big towns.

The other day I was watching a cricket match between two postal elevens, and I never saw anything to beat it for keenness combined with the best sporting spirit.

The fielders were very much all there, crouching tense and taut.

One batsman was given out on a very bad decision, but he did not question it, nor did he return to the pavilion wearing a martyred expression.

Another chap got a fearful crack on the jaw from a fast rising ball, a whack that might have put even Jack Johnson to sleep, but he just rubbed it a bit, and hit the next ball for five all run.

In the country, if you want the best information as to fishing, you cannot do better than apply to the local "postie."

I suppose they are sportsmen because they are open-air men; also because they are men of necessarily honourable character who rarely betray the high trust placed in them.

Anyway, my experience of postmen is that they are thorough good sportsmen, and good chaps in every way, and I, metaphorically, take off my hat to them.

I notice too that their women folk are usually well dressed, with nothing cheap or tawdry about them, while Mr. Postman seems to have as good an eye for a pretty face as he has for a long hop or a half-volley.

T. HAYES.

ATHLETIC MEETINGS.

A FEW WORDS TO MANAGERS.

It is an indisputable fact that whereas almost every form of open-air sporting game finds its fair tithe of spectators, the average club athletic sports meeting is hardly honoured with any public attendance at all. What is the reason of this?

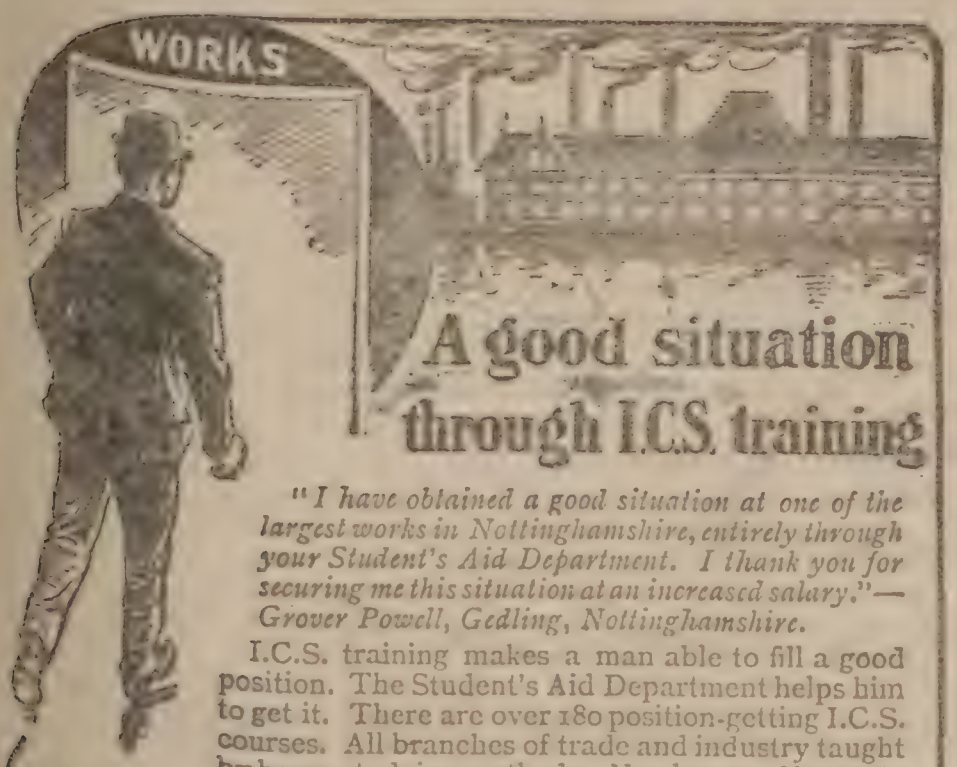
Every Englishman loves a sporting contest better than anything; and a fast hundred yards or a gruelling "quarter" give him intense excitement to watch. So we cannot ascribe the unpopularity of sports meetings to the tameness of the events. It can hardly be denied that, in nine cases out of ten, sports meetings fail to draw because they are so badly managed.

For one thing there are too many over-lengthy "waits" between each item on the card; then, again, the events are not as judiciously blended as they might be. There are too many rather dull items jumbled together, say the "hammer," the "weight," the tug-of-war, and so on, which might easily have been sandwiched between brighter items, such as the hundred yards and the quarter-mile, so that their tedium should be minimised as much as possible.

It might, perhaps, be a useful hint to managers, in order to obviate lengthy "waits," that they should insist on the competitors for each event being ready dressed and at the appointed spot for the contest five minutes before the start of the latter; and that they should warn those competitors that, in the event of their not being ready to start at the scheduled time, they will be scratched.

Then there would be less "business" with the megaphone, and less scurrying hither and thither of harassed officials in search of dilatory competitors, who have, perhaps, only thought of getting into their kit on hearing the bell ring for the beginning of their event.

W. F. KEEN.



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has established a record in making the above sum for its clients. Is it not perfectly reasonable to argue that what has helped others will help you too, to make money?

Why not share in our Clients' Prosperity?

That our system embodies all that is best in the methods employed by the world's richest men in winning fortune, is one of the causes of our unbroken success as advisers, and the other is that prescience born of a lifelong experience, which for instance enabled us to advise our clients early in the year to buy Canadas when they were quoted under 200. To-day they stand at about 240, and have been higher, a clear rise of 40 points!

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Please forward me gratis and post free your booklet, "The Modern System of Money-Making," and other literature which is a clear explanation of the methods which have enabled you to pay away the sum of £500,610.

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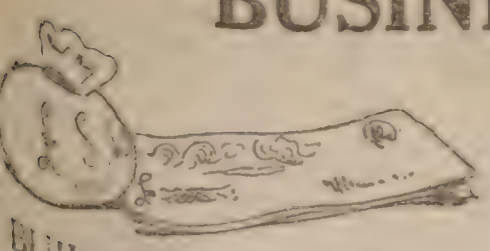


BUILDING A BUSINESS ON FRIENDSHIP.

There are some trades which seem to lend themselves especially to being built up on lines on which personal friendship plays a great part, rather than the endless warfare which is generally supposed to be inseparable from business. It may tend to peace of mind to be a business man only in business hours, and to drop all thoughts of it when you are out of the office or shop; but it does not always lead to success.

And this is especially the case where a man has started in business for himself. The wider his circle of acquaintance the better chance he has of getting new business, and much may depend upon his personality as well as on his business methods.

Often social or athletic accomplishments can be turned to account, indirectly if not directly. This is particularly noticeable in the tailoring trade. I know at least two tailors who are well-known on the concert platform and as entertainers. Another is a leading member of a wrestling club, while a certain outfitter in a University town is an ex-swimming champion, and no one in that town who was aware of the fact would dream of going to anyone else for a swimming costume if they wanted the right thing.

It is [illegible] like this who have knocked on the head the old saying that it takes nine tailors to make a man. Men who meet them [illegible] and find them jolly good fellows, discover how they earn their living [illegible] to think they must be good tailors [illegible], so they go to them in preference to a man of whom personally they know nothing.

And it is not only in the tailoring trade that friendship and business often go hand-in-hand. The solicitor or the barrister, for instance, depends very largely on his personal friends in the building up of a connection. Even if they cannot bring him their own business they can often recommend him to others and give him a helping hand. Once his name is made it is a different thing, but in the early days the man who has always been a recluse and made few acquaintances has but little chance.

Many men join a club, or even several clubs, purely for business reasons, and these are often especially useful in provincial towns. At the club a man can make new friends and keep in touch with anything that is "going," and all that, to a man who is "on his own," means business.

It is the same with the athletic club. Men naturally like to patronise a member of their own club if this is possible, and if he is dealing in commodities which appeal particularly to those who are interested in his own favourite form of athletics, he naturally has a great advantage.

All the leading makers of rifles, for instance, are themselves men who have won distinction on the ranges and are still familiar figures at Bisley and every other big rifle meeting. Marksmen who go to them know that they are dealing with an expert, and an expert whom they can consult personally. The personal factor counts for a great deal in business, and the successful man is usually one who is blessed with an attractive personality.

S. T. YOUNG.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)

GOOD PROSPECTS.

Prospects are good for the renewal of the upward movement in prices on the Stock Exchange, especially in Home Rails, as the "bull" position is very much reduced, and in some stocks quite eliminated.

I am warned to look out for a smart rise in East London stocks immediately the full particulars of the electrification scheme are known. That the change from steam to electricity must bring a lot of traffic to the line there is not the slightest doubt, and it seems a tempting speculative investment to buy £100 (nominal) Consolidated Stock for £7.

Dover A's continue good, and there is still plenty of room for an all round rise in price of all Home Rail stocks, as trade in the country is not only keeping good, but is showing further improvement.

London is chock full of visitors, and the District Railway is benefiting accordingly.

AMERICANS.

These still show a strong front, and have every appearance of remaining so; but I will have none of them, and the plucky operator who sells and keeps short will make money.

COLONIAL AND FOREIGN RAILS.

The Canadian boom continues, and Canadian Pacifics are, in my opinion, at a ridiculous price.

Mexico ought to settle down now to peace and quietness, which evidently could not be procured while Diaz remained in the country.

I trust the Mexican Government will make good the damage done to private property.

RUBBER AND OIL.

Rubber shares ought certainly to be bought at present prices.

Oil shares of producing companies also give excellent returns to the investor, and Premier Oil and Pipe Line and Mexican Eagle shares are cheap.

MINES.

Mines are still without life, if Russians are excepted.

Kyshtim Corporation shares have been bought largely during the account by St. Petersburg.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. H. (Exeter).—Nos. 1 and 7 are hopeless, having gone into liquidation over a year ago; 2, 4, and 5 should be held for better prices, and you might with advantage increase your holding in 3 and 6.

"REYNOLDS" (Newark).—The 7 per cent. cumulative preference shares at present price—£1 1s. 3d.—seem to be a fair investment.

G. C. (Sheffield).—Send us all the letters you have received from the person you mention. Probably we can help you.

"HARDY" (Staveley).—It must have been a former Financial Editor who recommended the shares you name, as I do not know sufficient about them to advise.

"JACK" (Portsmouth).—Although the shares are fairly speculative they appear to me to have chances, and I should advise you to hold.

McS. (Dublin).—Although depressed at the moment, the market cannot in any sense be called a bad one, and I think it safe to predict an early revival.

B. G. (Leeds).—I should advise having nothing to do with the concern. Can never understand why a stranger should go to the expense of printing and advertising in order to present me with something for nothing if there is the smallest value in the present.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

MANAGING THE HANDS.

A LESSON IN THE ART.

Many a man who is the picture of ease when carrying a walking-stick becomes the very essence of self-consciousness and awkwardness when he is in a drawing-room and deprived of his prehistoric weapon.

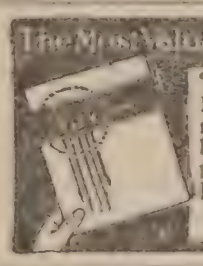
He does not know what to do with his hands. It would seem boorish to put them into his pockets in a lady's drawing-room; it would be equally awkward to clutch some piece of furniture and hang on to it; it would be indicative of nervousness to toy with his watch-chain. What, he asks himself, is he to do with his hands?

No rule can be set down. If a plan for the employment of his hands were suggested, he would only be more awkward than ever in attempting to carry it out. What he needs to do is to learn the art of becoming unconscious of his hands altogether. He is not conscious of them when he is carrying a walking-stick, because he is accustomed to do so. He will not be conscious of them if he practises doing without a walking-stick.

Let him spend a week without a walking-stick, and without a pair of gloves or a newspaper, or anything else to carry in his hands, and without an overcoat over his arm, and he will at the end of that time have acquired the art of using his hands in a natural manner.

They will hang by his sides, or will grasp the arm of a chair, or will be raised or lowered in a natural way, and he will be a happier man when he has to visit drawing-rooms—places of small delight, by the way, to the masculine mind.

W. MAY.



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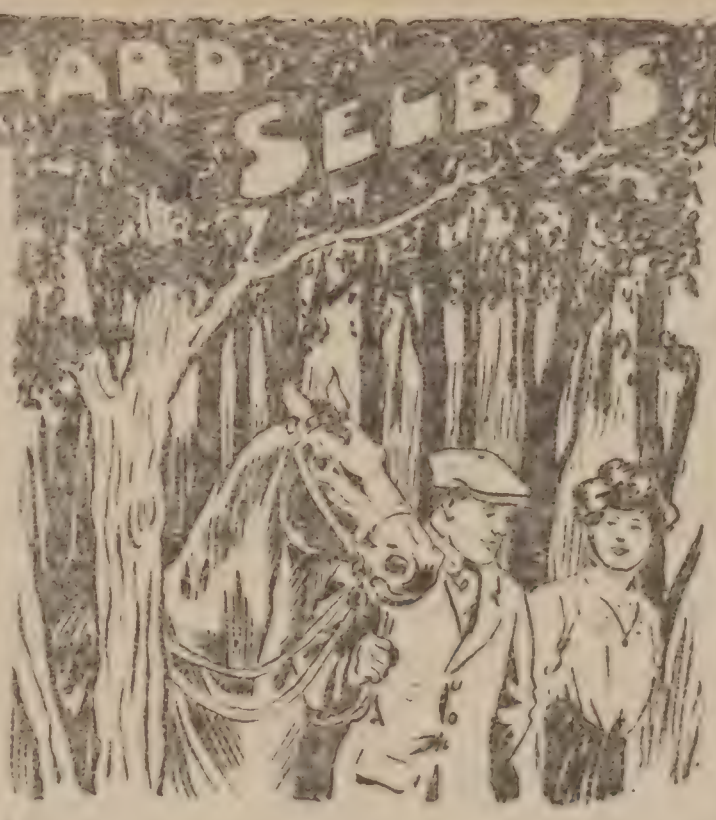
COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

RICHARD SELBY'S DAY

By ADAM STERN.



Richard and his friend Graill were riding home from Moulden to Darley-on-Severn one golden sunset in early summer.

Level with the main entrance-gate of Bagley Park Richard wheeled his mount round abruptly, saying, "So long, Jim!"

"So long!" said Graill, who also had seen the white form through the trees. He rode on unconcernedly, privately deciding to halt at the "White Hart" at Woolveley for an hour or so, on the off-chance of Richard catching him up.

Richard pushed open the gate, and leaving the drive cantered across the turf to the right.

He drew rein beside Violet Lyons, who, hatless and with an Irish terrier at her heels, had started to descend a slope which dipped out of sight of the road. She looked at him with a momentary pleased surprise.

"Hullo," she said, pausing.

"Hullo," said Richard.

"Where have *you* sprung from?"

"I saw you looking out for me, and thought it would be an unkindness to disappoint you."

"Such stuff!" she said, continuing to descend.

Richard dismounted and followed her, leading his horse by the bridle. The slope ended in a wide, beech-sheltered glade. They walked along it side by side for some time without speaking. They were, in fact, too contented to talk.

She was wearing a simple blouse of the palest shade of green, which looked white in the distance, her hair was done simply, she had an air of belonging to the park, of being in some manner a part of its personality.

"I was just going in," she said, as a communication of supreme importance. She had the faculty of endorsing commonplaces with a rare and delightful interest. So Richard, at least, thought.

"Who's at home?" asked Richard.

"Nobody. Father and aunt drove over this morning to see the Bagshawes. They won't be back till bedtime. Arthur's in London. I've been by myself all day."

"Doing what?" asked Richard.

"Oh, lots of things." She gave him extensive particulars. They laughed over details that to others would have been entirely pointless.

"And what have you been doing?" she asked, as they came to a seat encircling a tree and sat down with the afterglow on their faces. The horse, released, wandered off a little way and began leisurely to graze. The terrier scouted for rabbits and came back with inquiring eyes at intervals.

"Oh, working," said Richard. "Mind if I have a pipe?"

"Not a bit. Let me fill it for you. I suppose you've been frightfully busy?"

"Pretty well," answered Richard, with a definite desire to talk of her rather than of himself.

"Tell me all about it."

"Well, let me see. . . . How am I to know what will interest you? Business routine seems so monotonous on the surface. It's only when you're in it and its zest has gripped you, and you've got to go about wide-eyed and alert to see that the other chap doesn't get there first, and fifty and one obstacles protrude themselves unexpectedly, and you set your mind on *concentration*, cleaning up your brains like a housewife cleans her kitchen——"

"Don't be so incoherent," she interjected. "And please," she said, "don't rhapsodise."

"I'm silenced after that," said Richard.

"You're not," she contradicted. "Try again."

He laughed. "Well, when I got to the works——"

"That's not the *beginning*," she interrupted.

"Will you let me tell it in my own way? I turned out at five sharp."

"What time did you go to bed?"

"How do I know? I mean I do know, but it's unessential. Jim was still sleeping, and—"

"Look at this dreadful pipe," she interrupted, holding it up. "*Look* at it! I'll buy you a presentable one one of these days. Which do you like best, meerschaum or briar? I always buy Arthur's—when somebody else doesn't. You might at least carry it in a case. . What were you saying?"

"I was *attempting* to say I promptly dragged old Jim out. Then we went down to the river for a swim. Afterwards ——"

"What time was that?"

"I don't remember. Six when we got back to the farm, perhaps. Then after a slap-up breakfast ——"

"You went back to bed."

"I saddled Firefly," continued Richard, determined not to be side-tracked. "We were out and on the road by a quarter to seven. My Lord, what a morning! The mist just clearing, air that you could taste, and larks high up pouring out their very souls. We lolloped along the by-lanes, singing. . . ."

She was peeping slantwise at him with laughter in her eyes. He proceeded unperturbed:

"It was striking eight when we turned into Mark Gem's place to stable our mounts. Then we went on to the works, got our coats off, and set to."

She altered her expression to indicate attentive admiration.

"The first fillip to cheerfulness was the news that we'd missed a big shipbuilder's contract—one that is placed annually, and which every chain-maker in Moulden is keen to get. Ultimately competition was narrowed down to two—myself and William Bradlaw."

"And Bradlaw got it," she concluded, gleefully.

"He did," agreed Richard, and he took the pipe from her and lit it with an unconcerned face.

"You're pretending you don't mind," she said.

"I mind," said Richard; "but Bradlaw will mind more before the transaction's finished. What do you think he did? He got on the right side of the buyer in London, and whatever prices I quoted he undertook to quote a fraction lower. Naturally the buyer took advantage of it. He cut me down and down until I began to suspect some back-door manœuvre was afoot. Of course there was a probability that I was mistaken, and if so, my mistake would cost me money. But one must take chances now and then."

"Yes," she agreed.

She sat with her hands linked passively on her lap watching him.

"So I went down plump to five per cent. below actual cost of production. And Bradlaw got the order."

"Can he produce chain at cheaper rates than you?" she asked.

"No," said Richard.

"He'll lose money on the order then?"

"Yes," said Richard. "——"

"By reason of your——" hesitated for the word.

"My what?" asked Richard.

"Your—Do you know, Dick," she confessed frankly, "I was going to say trickery."

"Well, say it," said Richard. "It's as good a word as any other. I've seen many a footballer get past another by trickery."

"But do you think it was quite fair?"

"Quite," said Richard. "I stood to lose the same as he did."

"Then why didn't he let you?" she put in shrewdly. "It would have paid you out splendidly."

Richard smiled a little at her manifest desire for his discomfiture.

"I often wonder," he said, "why other men fail to do things."

"They suspect you of resources that you don't possess—that's the reason," she said clearly. "They're afraid of you, Dick, for some extraordinary reason."

"Are you?" asked Richard.

"I?" She leaned a little towards him, with her lips parted, her face deliciously impudent. "I can turn you round my little finger," she said, "and as for fearing you, I don't, not the little tiniest scrap."

"You will before I've done with you," said Richard, and his voice was quite calm, though his eyes burned.

"Never," she said, defying him.

"Keep quite still," said Richard. "I'm going to kiss you."

So she immediately resumed uprightness.

"Continue your tale of self-praise," she said.

"I haven't an atom of modesty where my prosperity is concerned," said Richard. "I'm doing it all for you. I work with you at the back of my thoughts, even if I'm not definitely thinking of you. You're not only in my life, you're in my blood. And if I'm ever afraid—as often I am—it's because my happiness is bound up in one thing—in you—in a thing that I might lose. Your little hands hold all that there is of me—you can lift me up or hurl me down.

"Sometimes"—his strong hands clenched, his whole body seemed to struggle—"I *resent* it. I ask myself why a man can't stand four-square to the world all-complete in himself. I want to stand out for independence. I've a violent resentment that I object to being *tamed*."

Involuntarily she smiled a little, as she gazed away from him. There was a glow on her cheeks.

"But," said Richard, with a deep, happy laugh, "I wouldn't have it different. Without you I should be brutish. . . . What are you smiling at?"

"I was smiling," she said, "because what you really mean is that you wish you could escape from me. You want to be free. You dislike a sort of—captivity, even to a woman."

"Something like that," said Richard.

She turned to him. With something of a shock of dismay he perceived that he had offended her. Her head was up, there was a light in her eyes, not of amusement, but of pride. She gazed at him with a cold impartial directness.

"You seem to forget," she said, "that as regards myself you've never been anything else but free."

"Good Lord!" said Richard, blankly. "What's the matter?"

"I'm merely reminding you of the simple truth," she went on. "We have been friends—good friends—affectionate friends—and I suppose there is a kind of sympathy between us—a mutual attraction. We've, in a way, drifted into an understanding, because we haven't stopped to think, or because no one else more—attractive—has come to change our minds."

"You don't mean to say," began Richard helplessly, "you look at it like that!"

"I look upon it that you assume too much in supposing that I am necessary to you, or—that I want to be necessary to you."

"Don't you—care for me?" said Richard in a failing voice.

had suddenly grown white.
"Why," she said. "That is, we've seen a good
of one another and I should naturally miss
if we didn't see each other again."
"You—" he began—and got no farther.
"I am trying to tell you just how we stand. If
knew that you came to see me——"
"Well, of course he knows!"
"He takes it that you come to see *him*. I'm
posed to be your friend only, and everyone who
ws us supposes the same. What do you think
an say to them if, as people will, they . . .
estions?"
"Tell them to mind their own business," said
hard.
"That's easier said than done. It doesn't
ter for a man—but a girl. . . ."
Richard found himself battling in an emotional
from which there seemed no escape.
"Have I," he asked, with difficulty, "been the
of making you the subject of tittle and
of causing you distress—of—— Are you
amed about me?"
"No," she said. "But you're frightfully difficult
plain."
He got up. He saw his way to help her with
t appeared a searchlight clarity. "I'll go,"
said.
"Where to?" she asked.
"Anywhere . . ."
"Damn!" said Richard Selby, with sudden
rous ill-temper.
"For good?" she asked.
"For good, if that's what you want."
"But that would mean people talking still more.
'd say I was to blame, and I should be more
omfortable than ever."
Richard sat down again.
"Will you tell me," he asked, humbly, "what
think I ought to do?"
She surveyed him with a speculative detach-
"Wouldn't it be best," she said at length in the
t natural voice in the world, "if you became
aged to me?"
Richard slowly raised his eyes and looked at
"Well," she said, as though he had spoken, "it
ld stop people talking."
"You were joking all the time?" he said.
"Every bit, you dense old thing. Oh, Dick!"
said, putting her hand on his knee like a
rade, "as though we're not friends . . . and
ers as well . . . . Can't I ask you to become
aged to me, if I want to? It's what the world
, and we must satisfy it sometimes. We
t want it looking at us . . . we want to be
alone. Listen! there's a nightingale singing
let's sit very still and try to understand
at it's saying. You mustn't come into the house,
h dad and aunt away. Ssh!"
They sat side by side with hands locked
ether like children. The night softly fell. The
se, now some distance away, contentedly went
munching.

Another of these stories will appear shortly.—
TOR.]

TENT-PEGGING.

t is not possible to describe in print the art of
t-pegging. There is a knack about it that can
y be shown by practical demonstration.
f you are in a mounted unit you should
tainly take up tent-pegging, for it is a capital
rt.
n most mounted units there is some one who
been in a Regular cavalry regiment, and he
each you all that can be taught. The rest
mains with yourself.
The great thing to remember about tent-pegging
hat you must not make a dig at the peg as you
proach it. The speed at which your horse is
velling will be quite sufficient to lift the peg out
the ground if you manage to touch it with the
nt of your lance.
Beware of getting your lance in such
sition that the butt can be driven against
r body.

Coronation Royal Blue

SERGE LOUNGE SUIT.

The greatest achievement in Tailoring during the Coronation Year.

Every loyal subject will do his best in his own way to celebrate the Coronation.

We are doing our part by producing our Coronation suit at a price which has never been approached in connection with a suit of such cloth and such workmanship.

The price is

40/-

The material, in honour of our Sailor King, is

ROYAL BLUE SERGE.

Owing to the exceptional size of our order, we have secured a stock of this serge at a price which makes it possible for us to produce our Coronation suit at such a low figure.

This Royal Blue Serge is thoroughly shrunk, and is warranted not to fade in colour. So confident are we of its merit that

We guarantee 2 years' wear.

We can fit you by post, if you cannot call, and we guarantee to give you an exact fit.

If you are not satisfied with the suit, return it to us, and we shall return your money in full without question or dispute.

Write to-day for free patterns and self-measurement form, which will be sent free to any address. If you are in London, call and see the Royal Blue Serge in the piece.

J. & H. ELLIS,

20, Farringdon St., London, E.C.

(Close to Ludgate Circus).

THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

COVERED BUTTONS.

Now that the turned-back cuff and the slanted or curved pockets, which had a short vogue, have become no longer fashionable, it is the more difficult to introduce into masculine attire that touch of distinction at which every man aims who takes a pride in his appearance.

It is often possible, however, to achieve this by having the buttons covered with the material of which the suit is made. It may cost you a shilling or so more—though most tailors will charge nothing extra for it—but buttons covered in this way do serve to differentiate your suit from that of the average man who simply gives his tailor an order and his measurements and leaves the rest to him.

It is not every suit that will look well with covered buttons. The material must be a thin and smooth one, preferably one of the greys that are now so fashionable.

These covered buttons, however, have one drawback as opposed to the ordinary bone button, which will be put on if you give no order to the contrary. If the suit is to be worn frequently, the wear on the buttonhole will be much greater, and unless considerable care is taken in doing up the buttons of the coat and waistcoat, the buttonholes may develop a shabby appearance.

If the cloth has a pronounced stripe in it, it is advisable to ask the tailor either to make the buttons up so that the stripe does not appear, or else to see that the stripe comes in the same position on each button.

With thick tweeds and serges the covered button is impossible, for it would be of an unwieldly size, and would look anything but smart.

AIRING YOUR SUITS.

A periodical airing is an excellent thing for any suit, although one that it in most cases very seldom gets.

This is especially necessary if you happen to be a heavy smoker and if you smoke much indoors, for the smell of tobacco will often cling to a suit so as to make it unpleasant to those ladies or non-smokers with whom you may come into contact, though it may not be perceptible to you yourself.

I do not mean to say that a suit should be hung up on the line in the garden, though, if this is possible, it is probably the best plan. But the aroma of tobacco can usually be removed by hanging the suit over the back of a chair before an open window once a month and leaving it to air for a day.

Or in the hot weather of summer it can probably be left before an open window through the night, so that it may be fresh when it is put on in the morning.

WHEN BUYING A STOCK TIE.

As the so-called stock bow tie goes twice round the neck, it stands to reason that it is important that it should fit more or less accurately. Most outfitters, therefore, keep it in a variety of sizes, numbered according to the size of collar worn.

But if you get a chance try the tie on or make the outfitter promise to take it back if it is the wrong size. If you are wearing a single collar when you go to buy it, you can easily test its length roughly by fitting it round your neck without tying it.

If you have no opportunity of trying it on or of getting it changed, I should recommend you to get a tie a size *smaller* than your collar, for the stock part can be expanded more easily than it can be contracted, and it is better to have a bow tie which is rather short than to have one which is too long, and of which the ends flop about and will not keep in place.

FELT HATS AT OXFORD.

The Oxford man is fond of misapplying the remark of a certain famous statesman and observing that "what Oxford thinks to-day, England will think to-morrow."

At any rate, there is much truth in this as far as dress is concerned, for though fashions may be seldom originated in Oxford and Cambridge, many of them owe their popularity to having been generally adopted at the two older Universities, which are generally very much at one in matters of dress.

I was interested, therefore, to note during a recent visit to Oxford the immense popularity of soft felt hats of a type that a few years ago would have been absolutely tabooed, or reserved for the exclusive "blood" whose attire bordered on the effeminate.

The shape most commonly affected is that of the "Alpine" hat, which was at first worn only in dark green. The crown is exactly similar to that of the Homburg hat so often worn by our late King, with a dent along the top. But the brim, instead of being bound at the edge and curled upwards, is wider and more flexible, being usually worn turned up in front and turned down at the back.

Almost every other undergraduate seemed to be wearing one of these hats, and they appeared in all sorts of colours—most of them in [illegible] shades of grey and olive green.

There is certainly much to be said for [illegible] hats from the practical point of view, they [illegible] cooler and give more shade than a cloth cap, [illegible] they are not so hard and uncomfortable as [illegible] straw hat.

They are an ideal form of headwear for [illegible] traveller, and will stand a good deal of knock[illegible] about without showing any traces of it.

The American style of soft felt hat, with a roun[illegible] crown that looks as if it had been sat on, was no[illegible] so much in evidence. This certainly has [illegible] advantages from the practical point of view, bu[illegible] it can hardly be called smart.

SELLING OLD CLOTHES.

Many men never seem to think of turning [illegible] cast-off clothes into money. The result [illegible] they go on wearing them until they are [illegible] shabby and disreputable, because they cannot [illegible] it in their heart to part with them.

Finally they give the clothes away to some [illegible] or less deserving person, or more probably present them to the dustman or give them in exchange to some vendor of "pawms or pot-plarnts" which they do not want.

I do not wish to say a word against the [illegible]able custom of giving away cast-off clothes to [illegible] who will be glad of them. Every man who [illegible] afford it ought to do so.

But with many men the buying of a new [illegible] a serious matter which needs a little financing, the cost of it would make a very big hole in a single week's salary.

These are the men who would do well to [illegible] their old clothes and to give up wearing them before they are completely worn out. Their wardrobe is limited, and probably they cannot afford to be seen wearing shabby suits.

An old suit, it is true, will not fetch much, but if it is in fairly good repair it ought to [illegible]

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"McKINLEY"

On a suit is like the 22-carat hall-mark on gold—a guarantee of the best quality. The McKinley goods are all-British. We use only reliable Scotch, English and Irish materials, employ only expert London cutters and tailors, and guarantee perfection of fit, style and workmanship. Yet our prices compare most favourably with those of other firms.

SUITS (to measure)	25s. to 50s.
RAINPROOF OVERCOATS (to measure)	25s. to 45s.
BREECHES (to measure)	10s. 6d. to 21s.

Carriage paid. No Extras. We refund your money in full if we fail to fit you perfectly and give you complete satisfaction.

SEND TO-DAY for our Booklet "M.N." our splendid range of Spring Patterns, Fashion Plates, tape measure, copies of unsolicited testimonials, and the McKinley scientific Self-Measurement Chart, which enables anyone to take measures as accurately as an experienced tailor. They will be sent to you free and post paid. Write or call

C. & G. McKINLEY, *Tailoring Specialists*
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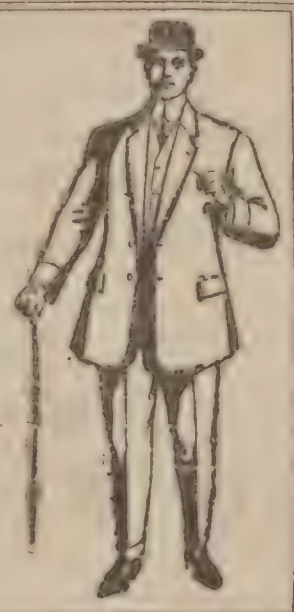

The Clothes' Doctor

Life restored to an old and worn suit, all blemishes removed, and a new and smart appearance given to it—that is what is accomplished by the Achille Serre way of scientific dry-cleaning. The recovery only takes [illegible] days, and the fee is only [illegible]

Write for free illustrated brochure, "Pride of Dress," which is full of useful hints on clothes economy, to

Achille Serre Limited
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And branches and agencies throughout London and country. Address of nearest on application.

least a quarter of what it will cost to buy a new suit, and to most men that is a great consideration.

We all like to pretend we are millionaires, or at least free from all anxiety as regards money, and we certainly want to dress the part, but we probably have no great aversion to saving a little on the cost of a new suit.

RIVER FOOTWEAR.

The average man whose acquaintance with the river is not extensive would not think of entering a boat unless he were wearing the orthodox rubber-soled shoes, which are supposed to be "correct" for the boating man.

The experienced waterman, however, more often than not avoids rubber-soled shoes or boots, and for very good reasons.

He is not so clumsy that he is likely to do any damage even to the lightest of skiffs with ordinary leather-soled boots, so that there is really no advantage to be gained by wearing rubber.

On the other hand, rubber soles are really far more tiring, and for sculling and rowing they give no support to the arch of the foot when it is against the stretcher.

For punting, however, rubber soles are specially to be avoided. Even an expert punter will probably allow a certain amount of water to drip from his hands or pole on to the slats of wood at his feet, and if he is wearing rubber soles he will find it very difficult to maintain a firm foot-hold.

White buckskin boots or shoes are probably the favourite footwear of the man who is out on the river for the day, but experience teaches him to avoid them unless he is very sure of being able to keep his feet dry.

The buckskin soaks up and retains water that would have rolled harmlessly off brown boots with an ordinary amount of polish on them, and undoubtedly this is a case where appearance should be sacrificed to utility.

Canvas shoes, either with rubber or leather soles, are even less desirable from the boating man's point of view for the same reason.

VEST SLIPS AND BOW TIES.

I observed in the West-End the other day what struck me as a misuse of one of the few bits of ornament pure and simple which are left in masculine attire.

A smart, elderly man passed me wearing a "bird's-eye" bow tie and a morning coat and waistcoat with a white vest slip.

The latter, to me at least, looked very much out of place. Its whole object, as I understand it, is to make a distinctive line between the waistcoat and the tie and to mark the cutline of the waistcoat opening.

With a bow tie, however, this is quite unnecessary, especially with a white shirt, for the distinction is sufficiently strongly marked without the vest slip.

To wear a vest slip with a bow tie, therefore, seems to me to show a lack of a sense of the fitness of things. It is adopting as a mere ornament an article of attire which really had an object—although a cosmetic rather than a utilitarian one—when it was first invented.

A CORONATION SUIT.

I am glad to learn from Mr. Ellis, of the well-known firm of tailors of the Strand and Farringdon Street, that the Royal blue serge suit of which he is making a speciality during the Coronation season has evidently met with the approval of his customers.

The low price, coupled with the undertaking to give satisfaction or return the money, and Messrs. Ellis's reputation as first-class tailors, are no doubt responsible for the number of orders that has been received.

To turn out a single suit of such quality for a couple of pounds would, of course, be an impossibility. It is only a tailor with a large and established business who can afford to do it, since he can buy material in large quantities, and so give his customers better cloth than a smaller man could hope to do at double the price.

HAT-BANDS.

An interesting inquiry comes to me from a reader, regarding the hat-bands of the MODERN MAN League.

"I have bought a hat-band," he says, "but I am not sure which is the right way up. I can get the purple stripe or the blue stripe on top, and still have the bow on the left side of the hat. Which is the right way?"

I have consulted the Editor on the matter. His reply was very brief. It was, to quote it exactly, "purple on top."

I and my correspondent might have guessed as much, for when you come to examine the hat-band, you will find that if you do not have the purple on top, the bow will not be in the right position; instead of the loop being to the front and the cut end pointing backwards, it will be the other way about.

The point is worthy of the attention of all men who have the right to wear colours. More than once I have seen men wearing colours on their straw hats upside down, and it looks very bad.

ADJUSTABLE HAT-BANDS.

These hat-bands made up, as those of the League are, with the bow ready-made, and hooks at each end for fixing, are very handy things. An amateur can very rarely make up a satisfactory bow if the hat-band is bought by the yard, and the made-up hat-band can be attached in a minute, and transferred to another hat when desired.

Moreover, it can generally be put on over the ordinary black band with which the hat is sold. But if you propose doing this, take very good care that the outside band is the broader. I noticed a young man the other day who was wearing the colours of some club put on in this way, and above the club ribbon appeared about half an inch of black ribbon which he had not troubled to take off.

SOMETHING SPECIAL IN BELTS 1/6 EACH Post 2d.

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Please mention "Modern Man."

In NAVY, BROWN or MYRTLE WEB

Pockets for Watch & Money

Invaluable to Cyclists.

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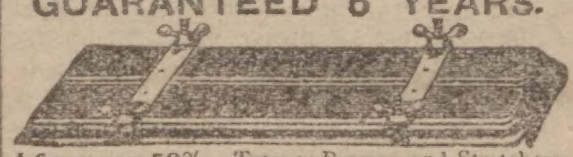
GUARANTEED 5 YEARS. Carriage paid. 5/9



Removes all bagginess and gives an elegant crease.

I Save you 50%. Trouser Pressers and Stretchers, in handsome Polished Oak, with Plated Fittings. Powerful steel crossbars. Full length. Take 4 pairs. Guaranteed 5 years. 7 days' approval. Money returned if not satisfied.

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"Matrimonial Times."—The best and quickest introductory medium for all desiring a matrimonial alliance; in sealed envelope; 6d.—Editor, Room 21, 5, Featherstone Buildings, Holborn, London, W.C. Telegrams, "Amatorem London."

Your Shabby Suit made New!

DON'T throw that old suit away. Send it to us with P.O. for 3s. 6d. Within 3 days we will return it thoroughly cleaned and repaired and tailor-pressed, looking like new. We are practical tailors devoting ourselves to the preservation of clothes instead of the making. Hundreds of City men owe their smart appearance at a nominal cost to our simple method. Join their ranks. Send your old suit and 3s. 6d. to-day. All goods fully insured whilst with us, and we pay carriage one way.

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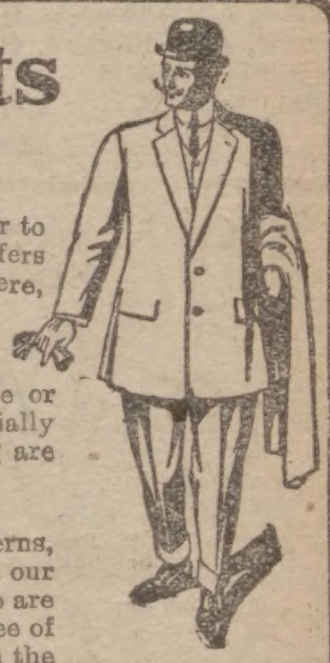
ESTABLISHED 1902.

144-146, Hampstead Road, London, N.W.

'Phone 260 North.

Pure Irish Tweed Suits

27/6 to Measure.



CURZON BROS. are always in the front rank of value, and in order to demonstrate this positively, and to establish that the Curzon service offers something all the time which it would be impossible to obtain elsewhere, we have now produced the above special line. The cloths are identical with those sold usually at 42/-

As is already generally known, the Curzon tailoring and cutting leave nothing to be desired. The suit is cut in latest style, can be had in any shape or design according to each customer's individual taste, every suit being specially tailored and cut to special order. The finish and fit of the Curzon tailoring are renowned throughout the world.

SEND POSTCARD FOR FREE PATTERNS.

It will pay you to write for our explanatory booklet and free ranges of patterns, fashion plates, and unique list of testimonials. With these will be found our registered system of self-measurement and tape measure, so that those who are unable to call at our Show Rooms can, with perfect accuracy and a degree of certitude equal to that of a local tailor, take their own measurements in the privacy of their own home. We guarantee the results.

CURZON BROS., (Dept. 142), 60/62, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C. West-End Depot—PEMBROKE HOUSE, 133/135, OXFORD ST., W.

Those residing in London should call.

Exhibitors at the Festival of Empire, Crystal Palace, and at the Coronation Exhibition, White City.

BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

G. F. G. (Manchester) wants to have legislation whereby every worker would have more leisure, in order that, to quote his letter, "he might cultivate his taste for music, literature, and other hobbies." Legislation of this type would soon give every worker in the country more leisure than he wanted, for it would throw him out of employment. Employers are not the plutocratic tyrants that some people believe them to be, and often it takes them all their time to meet the salaries of those who work for them.

G. C. B. (Broughton).—Various preparations are advertised and sold for the removal of freckles, but the best cure for them is to get thoroughly sunburnt all over so that the freckles do not show. Nothing makes a man look better than to be well bronzed.

F. H. A. (Rochdale).—A navy blue suit is as good an all-round suit as you can get. Wear a double or a wing collar with it as you think best. Practically any colour of tie will go with a navy blue suit.

H. F. (Bristol).—You can buy a good hair dressing from your chemist cheaper than you can from your barber. Select one that is not over scented.

E. J. (Warrington).—You are not too young to join the League. As you are old enough to wear His Majesty's uniform you are old enough to wear our badge.

J. H. (Brighton).—You are quite safe to deal with Messrs. C. and G. McKinley. They are one of the most reliable tailoring firms in London.

J. FORREST, 17, Marchmont Road, Edinburgh, is the organising officer for the Legion of Scouts in Edinburgh, and he will be glad to give full particulars to any reader who contemplates joining. The idea of the Legion of Scouts is to provide opportunities for military training to those who, for one reason or another, are prevented from joining the Territorials.

W. A. E. (Manchester).—Do not attempt in any way to retard perspiration. It is a splendid cleanser of the whole body. If you perspire freely, you must, of course, bathe more often, and change your underclothing more frequently than other men.

E. T. R. (Glasgow).—You had better write to the Pelman School of Memory, 130, Wenham House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C. Their system is a very good one.

A. J. Y. (Fulham).—No MODERN MAN Club has yet been established in your district.

F. H. (Sevenoaks).—For a long voyage you should have your cycle packed in a very strong crate, and see that heavy things are not placed on top of it when it is stored away in the hold. You will be able to obtain this paper from any of the leading newsagents in Melbourne.

W. H. E. (Belfast), **J. P.** (Tenby), **S. J. L.** (New Southgate), **H. H. W.** (Liverpool), **G. K.** (Durham), **T. E.** (Glasgow), **R. W. F.** (Wigan), **D. H.** (Bournemouth).—Much obliged.

ROWING "ROWS."

DIFFICULTIES OF A BOAT'S CAPTAIN.

It has been truly said that the captain can make or mar a club, and in the making of it by no means the least important of his qualifications is tact, for there are three types of men who are particularly difficult to deal with in this respect.

The first is a rather unsporting person—a malcontent who thinks he is deserving of a better place in the boat. I am not talking of college crews, but of amateur clubs on the Thames and elsewhere. Here we find competition so great that a good oarsman, if he is discontented with one club, can soon find a congenial place for himself in another crew.

Such a man is a great trial to a captain. If he listens and gives way to the other's grumbles, he is apt to spoil the arrangement of his crew; and, on the other hand, if he treats him with unconcern, he runs a great risk of losing a good man to a rival club.

There is, also, a grumbler of another kind, the expert who is satisfied with nothing. He complains of his rowlock. It is too high. Can he lower it? Or else his slide is not working properly. It must be seen to.

He is quite good tempered, but he is a chronic "growler," and after a while he is liable to try even the most saint-like skipper's patience.

The third thorn in the captain's side is the "old stager," who, although he has a great many faults, still keeps his place in the boat by reason of his hard work and undoubted oarsmanship.

He has probably been rowing longer than the skipper himself, and consequently will brook no criticism of his faulty execution. And if the captain pays no heed to him, the younger and more promising men in the boat may be led to look upon the "old stager" as a model to copy—which he most certainly is not. And yet he is too valuable to be put out of the boat.

PROBLEM: What is the captain to do?

C. H. BRATTON.

LEAGUE COLOURS.

League colours may be worn by all members of the MODERN MAN League, but must not be worn by anyone else.

These colours consist of a combination of dark blue, gold and purple stripes.

The League colours can be obtained in the form of ties, hat-bands and mufflers, from Messrs. A. W. Gamage, Ltd., Holborn, London, E.C., at the following prices:

Wide-ended ties of pure silk, 2s. 5½d.; narrow ties of pure silk for making up into bows, 1s. 5½d.; straw-hat bands of silk mixture, with the bow made up, and fitted with hooks to attach to any hat, 1s. 4½d.; silk mufflers, 4s. 11d.

All these colours will be sent to any address post free, at the prices mentioned.

MEN WORTH KNOWING.

We print below a further instalment of the list of members of THE MODERN MAN *League. We should be obliged if members whose names and addresses have been inadvertently omitted, or who have changed their address recently, would kindly inform us as soon as possible, in order that the roll may be kept up to date. An application form for membership, with full particulars of the badges issued, will be found on another page.*

LONG EATON *(continued).*
E. GENT, 191, Sawley Road.
F. W. HURST, 4, Queen Street.
B. V. MARSDEN, 6, Oxford Street.
T. PEARCE, 27, Conway Street.
W. R. PURDY, Curzon House.
H. G. SMITH, 12, Stanley Street.
G. D. TAGGETT, 47, Station Road.
L. J. TAGGETT, 47, Station Road.
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A. WRIGHT, 56, Beaconsfield Terrace.

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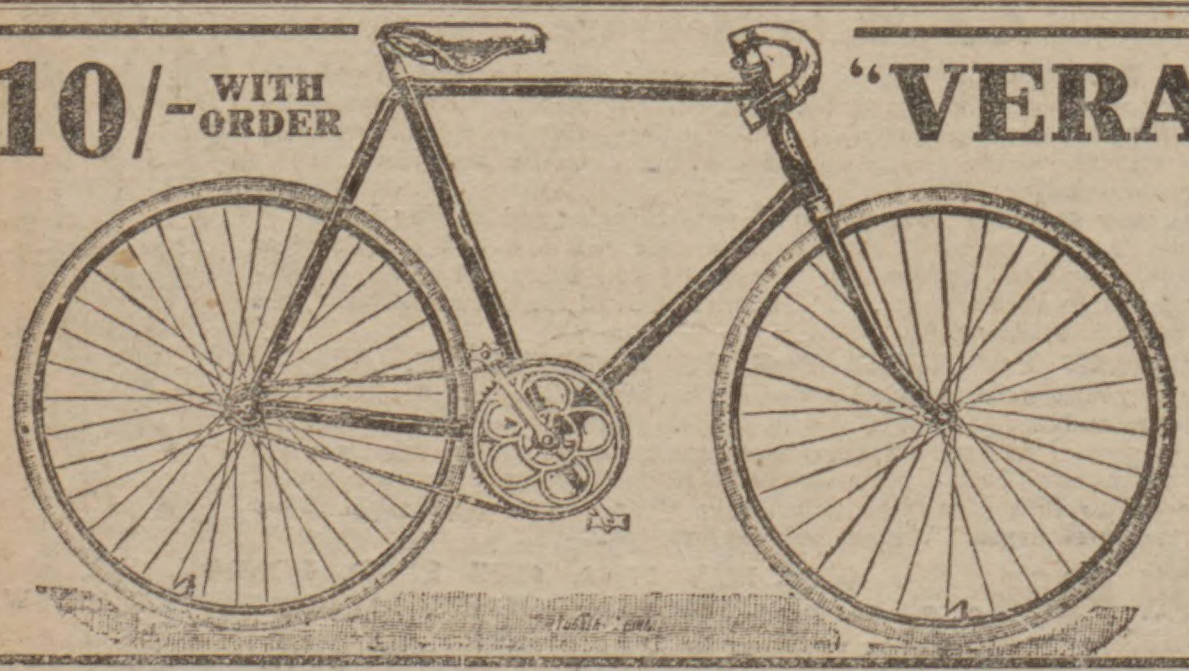

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